

C I C E L Y;

OR, THE

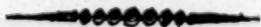
ROSE OF RABY.

AN

HISTORIC NOVEL,



IN FOUR VOLUMES.



VOL. IV.

---

L O N D O N:  
PRINTED FOR WILLIAM LANE,  
AT THE  
Minerva Press,  
LEADENHALL-STREET.

M. DCC. XCV.





---

---

## CICELY OF RABY.

---

**E**RE the world, and all its sickening  
vanities are shut upon me for ever, let  
me finish, for you, my beloved friend, the  
long recital I have engaged in.

After Orleans quitted me, I employed my-  
self in packing up the few valuable ornaments  
which belonged to me. The time approach-  
ed fast, in which I was to quit for ever the  
towers of my fathers. I had to cross the large  
western hall. The rays of the setting sun

shed a golden light through the storied window, and fell on the pictures of my ancestors. I thought they seemed to reproach, and look wistfully on me: My soul was filled with sadness: I endeavoured to shake off the impression,—and returned to my apartment. It struck my recollection, that the prophecy, so long expected by the Nevilles, would not be accomplished in me: From some other branch may spring kings and rulers: Blot my name from amongst you, ye Lords of Raby!

I threw open my casement: “Why sits this heaviness at my heart? Whilst Orleans was with me, I felt it not: The gale of spring blew on me,—its balmy freshness stole on my gladdened senses, and threw a transitory calm upon them. I thought of the promised cottage, as the birds carolled forth their evening song.”

I saw Jaques pace, with trembling steps,  
his white hair floating with the wind, towards  
the



the wood, where the Duke had told me, the horses, which were to bear us, were concealed. Spite of love—spite of all my resolution, tears found their way; when I lost sight of the venerable Jaques.

Already the sun was sinking beyond the hills, which bounded the park; and ere midnight,—yes, long ere midnight, was I to quit the Castle of Raby, where oft I had anxiously watched, as I now did, the setting luminary. My father seemed present to my view: Kneeling, I cried: “Aid me every Saint! so long the guardians of the house of Fitz Maldred,—the protectors of Raby! give me resolution to sustain this trying season, or at once frustrate every plan I have laid.”

I heard the trampling of horses, and resumed my station at the window: “This, said I, is no longer the pace of Lord Westmorland; it is that of my brother Richard.”

A troop of horsemen appeared; they galloped into the court; they wore the badge of the Nevilles; their leader lifted his helmet, and I beheld in him Sir John Neville, the warden of the western marches, the eldest son of Lord Westmorland. Alas! thought I, some disaster has befallen my father. What brings, at the head of an armed troop, the heir of Raby!

I was not long in suspense; my brother leaped off his steed; the Duke of Orleans appeared: A conversation, which lasted but a few minutes, took place between them; when my brother, holding the reins of a horse, which was brought into the court by a page, the Prince vaulted on the saddle. I had not power to speak, or even move, as he cast his eyes where I stood, and laying his hand on his heart, hastily bowed in agonizing silence, while his countenance wore an air of distraction. The whole party galloped off, with the same celerity they had advanced to  
Raby,



Raby, taking the road, which, in an hour's time, I should have gone.

Amazed, confounded, lost in conjecture, I kept my station, till my aching eyes could no longer distinguish the troop which accompanied the Duke. The sound of their steps still was heard; they grew fainter and fainter; I scarce breathed, least I should lose the last echo. Long after it had faded on my ear, I yet imagined, at intervals, I heard them.

Father Francis entered my apartment, newly returned from his little journey.

“ Ah, why, I conjure you, tell me, is the Duke carried hence so guarded ?”

“ Alas! my child, I know not: Behold this is the order, brought by your brother, for his delivery; it is signed by the king, and countersigned by the Earl, who also wrote to me; yet does not his letter fully elucidate this business: Your father here says, “ for

reasons of state, it is necessary, and the peace of England, that the Duke of Orleans should be more closely confined,—that he must instantly quit Raby; to which place I shall not return, till the king embarks again for France, which will shortly take place; meanwhile, watch over my hapless child, my darling Cicely. Alas! the sad blow my fondest hopes for her have sustained, quickly must bring to the grave the grey hairs of thy friend

WESTMORLAND."

Ah! is it Cicely,—is it for her that the Earl mourns? Let me support myself,—let me not add to his sorrow!

Now kneeling, I prayed the good father to accompany me to Berley. "I will throw myself at his feet,—I will confess my meditated flight. Did not the Duke too truly prophesy, when he said, my visit to the ruin would be fatal to his hopes? Ah! perhaps he  
has



has fallen a sacrifice to the jealousy of Duke Humphrey."

I spent the night in vain conjecture, and in raving against my destiny; in vain, till morning visited again the earth, did the good father entreat, I would try to take some rest; but the wearied look of my venerable friend, spoke then more forcibly than all his arguments had hitherto done.

"Wretch that I am!" I exclaimed, "thus to grieve all who love me: I will go, and endeavour at composing myself, whilst you, my second parent, take that rest you so much require."

Father Francis, blessing me with more than usual fervour, retired. I threw myself on my couch; it was moistened by my tears; sleep weighed not down my eyelids; I rose; I inquired for Jaques, and was informed he had left the Castle the evening before, and had

not yet returned; I doubted not his accompanying his master.

My senses began to wander; I sent to the venerable father; he attended, and assisted my devotions in the Chapel of Raby; I prayed for resignation to the will of heaven, for composure of mind, and fortitude, to bear those sufferings, with which I was afflicted, my prayers were accepted; I left the Chapel with an added portion of each; I offered to go and taste the freshness of the evening. "Go, said the father, in peace." Nature seemed to wear a sickly hue; the flowers sprung unregarded, and the song of the birds was not heard. The ring given me by the Duke was still on my finger. I kissed, and pressed it to my bosom; then throwing myself on a little bank, "Ah! said I, my father, is it Cicely, the prop,—the stay of your declining age,—ah! that should be so, but is no longer,—is it her who is to bring your grey hairs with sorrow to the grave? No! this heart shall break first: I will not  
com-

complain; my face shall wear the peace which my breast can never again know. Yet let me reflect: Was I not about to quit all, and follow Orleans? Ah, yes! Cicely would have done this;—yet on his side was not the sacrifice equally great? Wealth, rank,—all— all he renounces for me; a small farm in Piedmont was all his territory.” I sighed, and the peaceful cot, so oft pictured in my mind, rose to it. I saw Orleans returning from the chace; the table was spread with simple fare; I welcomed his return; he laid his spoils at my feet. The pleasing vision melted; it gave way to a long train of chearing thoughts.

Father Francis found, and attended me back to the Castle. What was my surprise to hear of the arrival of the Countess of Northumberland; I threw my arms round her neck,—I wept,—Ah! Matilda, those tears that drop’d upon my cheek, fell like rain on a parched land,—never did I feel more

relieved than thus pouring out my soul on the bosom of this beloved sister.

“ How comes it, said I, Eleanor, that I see you, my loved sister, at Raby ?”

“ Confined, said she, at Warkworth, by the birth of another son, when my Lord attended the court, he wrote me from York of your projected marriage ; I was resolved to be present ; and ere I was sufficiently able, set out, and reaching York the very day you left it, on your fatal expedition ; since then I have been confined to my chamber by sickness. The king has given to my Lord the government of Berwick, and confirmed to him the wardenship of the eastern marches ; whilst to our mother he has committed, during his absence, the guardianship of the Queen ; thus heaping honours upon the family, that he may to them, in some measure, compensate for the loss of so powerful an alliance.”

Eleanor



Eleanor also informed me, her Lord was gone into Northumberland, but that she had resolved, although her presence was almost indispensable at Warkworth, to visit, and administer what comfort she could to me.

Soothed by her kindness, I regained some degree of tranquillity, ere a message from her Lord, hastened her departure. My grief for her loss was mitigated, by the return, the same day, of my father: He appeared thoughtful and dejected, and complaining of fatigue, retired to his chamber.

My ideas, restless and agitated, brooded over past hopes and fears,—dread of the future, too, occupied me, till sleep sealed my heavy eyelids, and presented me with visions that corresponded with my waking thoughts. Methought I saw Lord Beauchamp: Behold, he cried,—behold, Cicely, our infant son! And he pointed to a lovely child, who was seated at the feet of the Duke of Orleans. I stooped, to caress the sweet boy; but a sea

of blood rolled over the late enamelled green, and swept him from my sight;—in vain I screamed,—in vain were the Duke's attempts to save him,—scarce had he time to escape the threatened danger, which, as it flowed over the plain, dyed my garments of its sanguine hue. Shrieking with horror, I awaked;—again I slept. I stood now on a high hill; a majestic river drew a waving silver line through cultivated fields and vineyards. Again I saw Lord Beauchamp; his air was more than human; he beckoned; I touched not the ground as I followed; I stood on the banks of the Loire; the towers of Bidet rose to my view. Behold, Cicely, cried Lord Beauchamp, the guardian of thy child! and he pointed to Orleans, who stood again with my son at the gates of Bidet. They endeavoured to cross the water, but their steps were marked with blood. Desist, said the voice of some one I saw not; nor Beauchamp, nor Orleans, is the lot of Cicely! A wild boar rushed into the water; he seized me,



me, in spite of the opposition of Orleans, and bore me off.

Here my vision ended ; and I arose, to avoid a repetition of fancied agony, which to my feelings, was not “ unreal mockery,” but sharp, sharp pangs of fearful sorrows.

With a heart corroded by anguish, yet soothed by a sense of duty, I met my father. The tears rolled down his cheeks, as, kneeling, I implored his blessing.

“ Oh grant it, my Lord, to her who betrayed by love, asks your forgiveness. Ah ! my father, let not the wretched creature, who owes her being to you,—to whose wishes,—to whose failings you have ever been kindly indulgent, bend your old age with sorrow to the grave. Oh ! promise me, my father, I shall not again quit the shades of Raby,—let me watch and attend your steps,—that alone shall employ your child, who forgot, for a short space, her duty.”

My

My father raised, and embraced me : “ I grant, said he, my darling child, your request ; my days wear fast to a close,—the declining path shall be smoothed by thy tenderness. I would, Cicely, have given you the protection of a rank you were born to adorn,—I would have given the rose of Raby to a prince, accomplished and virtuous ;—but, alas ! continued the Earl, (as he wiped off the tear which dimmed his sight) those fond hopes are for ever blasted.”

My father now proceeded to inform me, that as soon as the messenger reached the King, at York, which he had dispatched from the ruin, a band of soldiers were sent, who watched day and night. Henry dreaded not the phantoms, who were said to inhabit there ; and convinced it was a scheme of his enemies, to defeat a match which would have secured him a passage over the Loire, and a footing in the heart of France ; and supposing those traitors were yet concealed in, or near the  
Castle,

Castle, doubted not, but, at length, famine would oblige them to reveal themselves.

Ere Henry left Yorkshire, he was bent upon visiting the Castle himself. For this end, assuming a disguise, he proceeded thither with me.

A person was taken near the ruin, on whom was found letters from the Duke of Orleans; by which means the whole was discovered, although the exact place where John of Orleans was concealed, was yet a mystery. In vain were questions put to our prisoner, till advancing up to me, with a bold and determined air, he cried. "Know you not Ralph of Raby, the Baron of Tynham? Recollect you not the marvellous escape you had twenty one years ago, in this forest?"

I started with surprise, and recollected the enmity borne me by the Baron, whom I now saw stand before me, though long supposed dead.

"Is

“ Is it, I cried, possible, thou art Richard of Tynham?—Speak! what wouldst thou say of that night,—that strange, eventful, fearful night!——”

“ That night you were told, he continued, a band, chosen from the firmest of King Richard’s friends, had solemnly sworn to avenge his death; unknown to Henry, he was surrounded by them:—I, yes, I glory in it,—I was the chief of the conspirators.—Your miraculous escape, the defeat of our party, threw a damp over, and changed our plans. Quitting the palace of Henry of Lancaster, I stirred up the Mortimers to assert their right. After the fatal day at Shrewsbury, I took refuge in Wales: My head was proscribed by Henry. From thence I sailed to France. Laying aside my rank, I was received into the magnificent household of Lewis, Duke of Orleans. I was the tutor, in all martial exercises, of his sons; for all of whom, I felt the attachment of a parent; by John of Orleans, his illegitimate child, I was  
even



even considered as one. He informed me, Charles, his brother, was to marry a daughter of the house of Lancaster; that he meant to lose his life in the attempt, if necessary, of dissuading him from engagement so detrimental to France; and readily accepted my offer of accompanying him to England. I learnt it was a daughter of thine the Duke was to marry, and entered with ardour into the plan of detaching Orleans from her. Descended from the family to which this Castle appertained, I alone am in possession of a clue to its apartments. Prepare your racks,—your tortures,—gladly I will sustain them,—I will joyfully die for the cause of the martyred Richard; nor deem it possible I will ever be tempted to betray my loved master! No! (exalting his voice) John of Orleans, my life for thine!”

Henry ordered him to be taken away; and dismissing every one from his presence, but myself, said, he would send, without delay, to Raby, to bring from thence the Duke, who  
there

there was not safe. " Under such a leader, France would recover herself; inspired by his valour, again her troops might be victorious. Ah! Westmorland, what must it have cost him, to refuse your lovely daughter! This shews the greatness of his soul. Why cannot I call him friend! Ah, why cannot I say the hand of the fair rose of Raby is yours unconditionally."

Sir John Neville headed, by the King's particular desire, the detachment. Apprehending you would not be conscious of what was going to take place, I wrote not to you, nor sent any message.

After the departure of my son, again the King talked of Orleans; then we reverted to his brother, whose heroism had led him into such danger. " He knows not Henry of Lancaster, he continued, or he would trust to his clemency."



A door opened, and a figure, which, from a strong resemblance to the Duke, convinced me it was his brother, entered, kneeling to the King, and presented him the hilt of his sword. "John of Orleans, said he, yeilds to the King of England: I know my life is forfeited, yet trust to your generosity, and throw myself wholly into your power."

"Rise, Sir Knight, said the King, as he touched the shoulder of his noble suppliant with his sword; alike rivals for power, for glory, and dominion, the houses of Valois and Plantagenet shall equally contest the palm of generosity: You are free—an escort shall be granted you,—your ship is safe. Carry with you this truth, Henry wishes to be the father of both nations. Let the remembrance of this, live with you, that secure in the hearts of his people, in England he reigns,—nor plots, nor conspiracies shall ever avail his enemies."

The Baron of Tynham was ordered to attend. He started back, as he entered, at beholding

holding the son of Duke Lewis, who cried,  
“ Wonder not at thus seeing me here: I  
heard from my concealment the noble and  
generous sentiments of the King of England,  
and relied upon his mercy.”

Henry, addressing himself to the Baron,  
said, “ Equally with thyself was I educated  
amidst the splendour of the misguided  
Richard’s court. At my accession to that  
throne my father had filled with equal pru-  
dence and good fortune, I owned my obliga-  
tions to that unfortunate prince, by pardoning  
all those who had taken arms to revenge him.  
Why did you not then take advantage of the  
offered grace ?”

“ Then,” replied the Baron, “ I was in  
France.”

“ Ah, my friend, cried the noble stranger,  
why do you hesitate now to kneel, and ask  
that pardon you then overlooked ; renewing  
your allegiance to a sovereign worthy of such  
a sub-

a subject, nor will the gracious Henry, less highly estimate your worth for the steady attachment you have evinced to his unhappy kinsman."

"I grant, said the King, ere you ask it, what your countenance already implores; nay more; I place you near my person, and expect you will serve me with equal fidelity you did my cousin Richard. Ah let not my country be torn by dissensions! If another of the descendants of the victorious Edward, be more worthy of that crown I wear, to him gladly would I resign it, to preserve peace to England."

"None but you, exclaimed the Baron, throwing himself at the King's feet, are worthy to wear the crown of the Plantagenets. Why did I madly persist in disowning such a Prince?"

The King was accompanied to York by the late inhabitants of the ruins. The Duke  
of

of Orleans arrived nearly at the same time. The meeting of the brothers was such as might be expected from souls as exalted as theirs. Orleans confirmed to his brother, as a mark of his esteem, the Lordship of Dunois. His father had borne the title of Count of Dunois, amongst the list of honours which belonged to him.

A ship lay in the Humber; appointed to carry the brother of Orleans to France. Here then they parted. "Adieu! he cried to the Duke; preserve, inviolate, your honour; losing it, you lose the esteem of our noble, our generous foe, the valiant King of England; behold not again the rose of Raby,—reason itself must fall before he."

"If we meet not again, replied Orleans, till we meet in the land of spirits, your kindness, your friendship, shall not be forgotten; I will not disgrace the house from whence I sprung; nor Charles, nor Henry shall accuse  
Orleans



Orleans of treachery ; he will not lift his arm against a land he was born to defend ;—openly avowing this to the gallant English, and their generous King, he yet promises, by no means, however likely, to endeavour his escape.”

“ Ah, why said Henry, are we foes ? my heart longs to acknowledge you as a friend ; yes, as the friend of my inmost soul, the Prince I am obliged to guard as a prisoner ;—trust me, Orleans, it gives me a pang most severe, that instead of indulging my inclination, and saying, Orleans, you are free,—go where you list,—I must, as the guardian of my people’s safety, again imprison you ; conscious that your presence must be of more importance to France than whole armies. Should peace again gladden the rival nations, then may I give, and Orleans receive with honour, the long-sought-for, long-contested hand of the rose of Raby.”

“ Orleans

“ Orleans is now, my child, at Windsor; the gracious and valiant King, with his troops, in France. He has left John, Duke of Bedford, regent. The Countess of Westmoreland stays with the queen till she embarks for France, or Henry returns to England. Impatient to behold you,—impatient to return to the shades of Raby, I parted with your mother, whose duty will make her return uncertain. Old age creeps fast upon me,—here shall I lay down my life.”

“ Ah, who then, said I, bursting into tears, will guide,—who will protect Cicely? Talk not thus of dying!” and I threw my arms round the neck, and kissed the furrowed brow of this venerable parent, forgetting every other sad—every painful idea, but that one which pressed on my heart heavily, most heavily.

“ Be comforted, my child, said the Earl, I shall gently yield to the common enemy of mankind; like the tall oaks which riots, proudly



proudly pre-eminent, that has long flourished, and cast a fostering shade over those who sought my shelter, but the retreating sap leaves me now a dry and withered trunk,—no longer a shade or protection; those who go by shall scorn what once they sought, and the Scot may riot over the land, whilst Ralph of Raby no longer is able to lift the massy sword of his fathers!”

Ere I left my father, he gave into my hands a letter, which he said contained the last adieu of the Duke of Orleans. Pressing it to my lips, I put it in my bosom, and walked to the spot where I had been witness to the Prince's despair, and where, seeing him at my feet, the Earl had first conceived the design of uniting our fates.

By a strange concurrence of events, this letter has been preserved to me, amidst wars, tumults, and change of residence, it now lays by me, Matilda. Ah! as I look on it, my ideas wander back, with such force, to the pe-

ried it was written in, I scarce can command my pen to transcribe it. Read, my friend, this effusion of a mind so ill at ease.

---

“ ORLEANS writes to Cicely, yet to what purpose? Is it to say his love is unchanged? That it must ever remain so? That time, absence, nay old age itself will not effect that? Need I say this? Does not Cicely know how light I deem all sufferings but losing her? Ah, Cicely, you are at Raby; what part of it can you find, where some action of the once rash Charles, recalls him not to you. The sycamore spreads, perhaps, as you read this, its broad leaves over you, beneath whose shade you sat, when the Earl, watching the agonized feelings of Orleans, pitied, and resolved to compleat his happiness. Does the white rose, Cicely, thy fair, thy spotless emblem, still flourish there? Yes, there

there did the then happy Orleans plant it, when last at Raby; it's buds were swelling to burst forth; as yet no blossom had adorned it; meek lilies shot their silver heads beneath, marking the spot once crimson;—Are they not dear to me,—were they not set there by the fair hand of my love?

“ At Bidet, youthful, unrepulsed by the frowns of fate, unchecked by misfortune, the world was too little for my ambition. When I found you were fled,—that you shunned and despised me, I was in a state of madness, and would have sacrificed myself, my country, every thing dear, for my revenge to have been gratified.

“ Orleans, a prisoner in England, became the dupe of a wicked, a designing woman: At Barcellona, stirred up by her arts, rage, misguided jealousy, inflamed two souls, animated with one darling object. Ah! Cicely, would to God I had fallen. Let me not

murmur at the will of heaven; worse evils in England might have awaited to crush thee.

“ I was not undeceived till at Raby; where, spurred on to madness, by the accursed Lady Warwick, I would have done deeds I shudder at. The mild virtues, which beamed round the enslaver of the head-strong, the impetuous Orleans, meliorated his soul, and engrafted on the ardour of love, all that adoration her character merited. Yes, Cicely, you moulded me into reason; a friendship, tender and sincere, more lasting than passion, confirmed me yours for ever. You saw the change; the gentle heart of Cicely yielded to the effects of her own power. Happy, fleeting moments, dear are you to my recollection.

“ I returned to my prison; I heard you were in danger; I flew on the wings of love to Wentworth. Ah! as I marked your countenance, ever beaming with the lovely emanations of your soul; then glowing with feelings,

feelings, you durst not trust your tongue to give utterance to ; I felt I must be uniform in my conduct, curbing every wild flight, and that my character must approach your own.

“ I saw the Earl; he gave me hopes; but Cicely, he said, must be gained by assiduity,—by respectful attention : Her heart is no common one ; the soul of my child is as exalted as her person is beautiful ; nor is her destiny a vulgar one ; a Prince alone shall wed Cicely ; Orleans alone shall win the prize so many have contended for,—where shall she find a Prince so accomplished. Yes, Cicely, thus spake your father ; thus was I kindly taught to look up to the summit of my wishes.

“ I saw the King ; every thing was settled regarding my enlargement. I followed the court to York : You were surrounded by Princes and Nobles, who humbly sued for your hand ; and the *Rose of Raby* was the



theme of every song; it was echoed from every banquet; and the white rose was worn by all the gay and the gallant.

“Humphrey of Gloucester alone, of those Princes, alarmed me, as a rival. Would not Henry yield to his wishes? Ah, Cicely! still the hours spent with you, at York, are numbered among the happiest of my life.

“After our escape on the Ouse, the Earl declared to you his wishes; still I dreaded a refusal; but you did not refuse, nay consented, but on condition of visiting the fatal ruin. In vain did I,—in vain your father dissuaded. Ah, Cicely, that night, its horrors! still the impression sits on my soul! I was recalled to what I owed my country. How nearly had I plunged you into fresh misery! Written in bloody characters, my name would have been handed down to the latest posterity. A debt; I was incapable of paying, was mine;—I resolved my heart, though breaking with hopeless love, should no more make me forget

get my duty to France,—to the country which my race was given to, for rulers, for defenders.

“ I was forcibly conveyed to Raby, yet resolved not to see you. The Earl went again to court ; again we met. Ah, Cicely ! those interviews,—the cottage in Piedmont, —does it live in your memory ? In mine it is sacred for ever.

“ The hour was fixed for our departure ; the horses already at the place of destination ; I was writing to the Earl, and representing to him, that the step I was about to take, would at once fulfil my engagements to him, and secure my honour to my country ; a horn sounded at the gate ; it would have been madness to resist the order brought by your brother, when I asked but for a moment’s delay. You saw me depart, without my having it in my power to say adieu. Need I repeat to you the generous behaviour of Henry.

To my brother I again promised not to seek with you an interview. Oh, Cicely! what a sacrifice have I made, to what I deemed my duty? yet for this, no statue shall perpetuate my memory,—my life shall wear away inactive,—marked on my tomb it will be found, that Orleans, died a captive. Why did heaven bestow on me activity of limbs; a body capable of bearing the fatigues of war? as well might I have been some weakly child of prosperity, who, nursed in the lap of luxury, shuddered at the passing blast.

“ Henry has declared no ransom shall liberate me; yet did he press me to his bosom, and nobly avow his esteem.

“ Love, duty, honour, why are you thus at variance? will they, can they, ever be reconciled? The first made me at Agincourt a prisoner; yes, there, Cicely, you triumphed for England! Orleans madly rushed on danger; yielding to duty, compelled by honour, I am  
still

still in England,—still am I a prisoner; my thoughts are fixed on you; the midnight taper is wasted in the socket; I will try if sleep varies not my ideas.

“ Ah, no, no, Cicely! I take again my pen. Can you read what is written? so unconnected,—so incoherent;—Do you drop a tear to my woes, as when at Raby? Do you still watch the star of the north, as when your pity urged you to become the nurse of the frantic Orleans?

“ I promised the Earl I would but say adieu; the cold expressions he bade me use, froze on my pen; ah! could I say hate me, —think not of me,—banish me your remembrance,—could I do this!

“ No, Cicely! whilst I live, my heart is the shrine you shall be best worshipped in;—yet will I suffer in silence,—nor will I again wound her peace, whose gentle soul should not know sorrow, could Orleans be her

shield! I ask but that sometimes you will think of me.

“ So engrossed have I been by myself, I had almost neglected saying, that ere I parted with my brother, I delegated to him a charge I hoped would have been mine. He goes to Castile; he will see your child; if he finds it prudent, he brings him to France; amidst the shades of Bidet, he shall be privately reared, with all the care befitting the heir of Orleans. Thus, Cicely, shall the malice of Lady Warwick be defeated;—there shall he bloom, where the fatal curse of D’Aranjeus shall not reach him.

“ Ah, may the care,—the tender,—the parental care, I shall take of this lovely blossom, so fatally torn from its supporting branches, in part expiate the offences of the rash Orleans.

“ Oh Cicely! prayers, alms, penitence,  
are



are they not powerful ? Will they find an acceptance, at the throne of mercy ?

“ But I linger ; alas ! how is it possible I should bear to pronounce what such despair is annexed to, as I feel, when saying adieu ! Oh, yes, for ever, Cicely, adieu ! sighs out your repentant.

ORLEANS.”

---

Hours, days, weeks elapsed, Matilda, yet instead of regaining composure of mind, I was sinking under dejection, and in vain combated it at Raby ; where could I find a spot which did not recall him to my mind, which did not also bring with it other recollections equally painful ? I spent my time

C 6 mostly

mostly in the recess ; where, sheltered by the ancient yew-tree, and spreading sycamore, grew the white rose, planted by the Duke.

The Earl dreaded a fatal suspension of my mental faculties, and hoping change of scene might effect an alteration, proposed my accompanying him to Haworth Castle, the baronial house of Gillsland, to visit its noble owners, Lord and Lady Dacre. Here were we met by my beloved sister, Piercy ; and hither came my brother Henry and the gentle Agnes. Lord Dacres was, equally with her, descended from the noble family of Douglas ; his mother being a daughter of that powerful house.

Lovely in her mourning dress, the fair face of Agnes looked like a bright star, peeping from a murky cloud. Lady Douglas was gone to seek that rest in another world, she seldom allowed herself to know in this. She had commissioned her daughter to present

sent some valuable remembrances to her worthy kinsman Lord Dacre and his spouse; as even they had felt her hatred to the house of Neville, and when her charming daughter begged her mother's dying request might be complied with, and that all which had past, might be forgot; Lord Dacre replied, by begging her to wear a golden buckle, which was once his mother's:—take it, he cried, as a mark of my esteem, which makes me proud to present to my Lady, so near a relation as the wife of her brother.

Amongst the numerous family of the Earl of Westmorland, Lady Dacre most resemble him,—possessed of every virtue which dignifies our sex, qualities were added, which are supposed more particularly to belong to the other.

Her height was beyond the generality of women, her person majestic and graceful, and she received what her aspect impressed, equal respect and love. In the absence of her

her Lord, his vassals confided in the prudence, the presence of mind she possessed, which so oft had protected and saved them, and their cattle from the swords, from the depredations of the fierce Galwegians, to whose wild and desultory inroads, this part of the country is so open.—Reverenced by her children, she was a sharer in her Lord's inmost counsels, who joined in his manner to her, the lover and the friend of her virtues. Such a woman was Phillipa, a blessing to the country she presided in,—she seemed its guardian goddess.

In the society of this amiable sister, my sorrows calmed.—“ Seek peace, she said, by fulfilling those duties, to which you are called by your station in life; by relative situations;—exert yourself Cicely, your heart is noble, is generous, it too deeply suffers; lose not every virtue in black despair, nor talk of a convent;—alive to every feeling, can you find aught there to fill your heart? —better my child, is piety shewn, by an  
active



active life of benevolence, shrink not from the part allotted you,—the declining age of our venerable parent, must be smoothed by you:—you have again to meet your mother, how severely will she reproach you, on whom her hopes are still fixed for the fulfilling the long expected prophecy;—will she not, Cicely, chide, to see that beauty wasted in sighs and tears, she hopes to see ornament a throne:—at Raby, ere I married my noble Lord, even I with all my stock of resolution, trembled in the presence of the haughty descendant of John of Gaunt.”

Thus did Lady Dacre, with all the tenderness of a parent, inculcate her maxims, they sunk deep on my soul, they remained engraven for ever, they have tintured every action of my life. On the gentle heart of Eleanor, I poured out my sorrows; she footned, she mourned with me my fate.—

Agnes had attended Lady Douglas in her last illness, and her health had received a  
severe

severe shock, scarce was she able to join in our little amusements; her form ever light and graceful, seemed now fragile to a degree, and the tender and anxious looks of my brother, proclaimed his fears; they accelerated the parting of the beloved circle of friends, as Lord Henry wished to take his gentle spouse, into a warmer air than that of Haworth ere winter, which now approached fast. If you were ever my Matilda in Gilsland, you will recollect the keenness of the air, the height and wildness of the hills, oft concealed by the clouds, that rest on their summits, which are bleak and exposed to the storm, though their sides, clothed with wood, afford a refuge for the wild boar, and often the less merciful risler; —from Harworth you look upon a vale rich and fertile, the river Irthing winds through it, and the Priory of Lennercoste, (to which the pious barons of Gilsland, have been the chief benefactors,) grace it; I left those wild and romantic scenes with regret, heightened by parting with Lord  
and

and Lady Dacre, whose characters shone brighter, the more I viewed them.

Ere we reached Hexham, we were overtaken by a storm of snow, fatigue and cold triumphed over the delicate frame of Agnes, she gave birth to an infant, who scarce lived to behold the light of heaven, (an event not expected for some time,) there too the gentle spirit of this fair creature, burst the bonds of mortality:—Agnes lies buried in the abbey of Hexham, the storm not suffering the body to be removed.—Sorrowing, my brother returned to Haworth, nor did he very long survive his beloved wife, following her to the grave, whose death made for ever a blank in his life.

At Newcastle, we parted with Lady Northumberland. Returned to Raby, my father found me acting up to my duty; Lady Dacre seemed to have infused into my soul, a portion of her fortitude; and soon after I experienced the death of my revered benefactor, the  
vene-

venerable father Francis, and concealed my grief; in endeavouring to abate the shock, the Earl's spirits received, I felt myself acting up to what my sister had said, was my duty.

Katherine had brought forth at Windsor, a prince and heir to the crowns of France and England.

Jacqueline, heiress of Holland and Hainault, had taken refuge in England from the Duke of Brabant, a husband whom she scrupled not to declare hatred to; hoping to procure a divorce from the pope, she had affianced herself to Humphrey Duke of Gloucester. The Countess of Westmorland, to whom Henry had committed the charge of his Queen, expected the honour of being sponsor to the royal infant; but Gloucester had the office bestowed on Jacqueline;—Katherine sought but for a pretext, to break with the aunt of Henry, whom she looked on as if placed as a spy, and whose manners  
haughty



haughty and distant, accorded not with hers, who had been educated in the voluptuous court, kept by Queen Isabella her mother. The Countess quitted her charge in disgust, and in the depth of winter, surprised us by her sudden appearance at Raby.

The fatigue of a journey at so unseasonable a time of year, together with the agitation of mind she had suffered, brought on a fever. I was her attendant;—in vain were all the medicines given by physicians, brought from many miles distant; prayers and masses too were without avail.

My mother paid the debt all must pay; a funeral, splendid as her station, was bestowed on her remains,—she was interred in the church of Staindrop;—I shrunk not from the task to suffer;—I remembered Lady Dacre:—"the path allotted us by heaven, said she, let us not forsake, let us cheer as is our duty, him that fainteth by the way." One misfortune following so fast upon another,

ther, my father seemed to sink beneath them, he sent for an eminent workman, whom he employed in constructing a monument for himself, and his wives, in this he took a melancholy pleasure: I too had my pleasures, the returning spring brought forth again the lilies, they were my morning and evening care; nor did I now dread visiting the monument of Lord Beauchamp, into which I had conveyed all the books, and other matters of improvement; given me by father Francis;—here did I study at once to mend my heart, and improve talents, nature never should bestow in vain; by such means did I endeavour to chase thoughts, which would have driven me to distraction, and rendered me unfit for every exertion.

The gates of Raby, were shut to all but our relations, and immediate dependants;—the sound of mirth, no longer echoed in its lofty halls, and the domestics grown grey in the service of its Lord, partook of the gloom which hung over it.

The

The death of the king, burst upon us like a clap of thunder, and roused us from the quiet we experienced.

“ For you my child, said my father, I doubly grieve;—ah ! who, had Henry lived, would have dared to insult and to wrong you; a sad presentiment of evil sits at my heart, the prophecy so long expected, regarding the house of Raby, is yet unfulfilled; it accords with the vision,—with what the phantom declared to me at the fatal ruin.—Oh ! Cicely ! my child, what misery may you have to sustain;—England the scene of bloody war.—Had Orleans been your husband, you had been safe,—nor would the land of thy fathers have known the misery, which alas ! I fear is in store for her.—

Yet are not the decrees of providence inscrutable, let us bow in silence.

The king had left the Earl of Warwick, governor of his infant son,—and had appointed

ed the Duke of Bedford, regent of France, as was his brother Gloucester of England, he had given strict injunctions, not to liberate the Duke of Orleans. Yet calling to him the Baron of Tynham, who attended, "carry, he said, this to the Duke of Orleans, (giving into his hands a sword, whose hilt was richly ornamented) let him use it in the cause of virtue, and of honour, never has it been drawn in defiance of either."

In the flower of his days, in the prime of his glory, died the hero of England; the sad news brought to Raby by the Baron of Tynham to the Earl;—to me he bore sacred tokens of friendship;—how dear to our hearts were they Matilda!!

"I go, said the Baron, to the Abbey of Fountain, there shall my days be ended, I shall die in the pious habit;—I am sick, Westminster, of this world;—ah! I foresee a long train of evils hang over France and England:—an infant reigns, how powerless is

sceptre wielded by a child!—how weak is delegated power!—already has the haughty Beaufort, and the ambitious Gloucester quarrelled, nor can the prudence of Bedford restrain them;—after the departure of Richard of Tynham, nothing disturbed our calm; winter again spread her snowy mantle, over hill and dale;—again spring flung abroad her flowers, all nature wore her livery, yet all was uniform at Raby, our rides extended not beyond the bounds of the park, and the gay season imparted no more joy to the Earl.

Tired with repeated refusals, the nobles who had sued for my hand, now seemed to have forgot my being in existence, which was still as the standing lake:—ah in vain did I endeavour to banish Orleans from my thoughts.

“ Had Henry lived, I had no need to sigh, peace had been given to both nations by his valour, by his prudence; then would the Duke



Duke have been free, he would then not have refused the hand of Cicely." The summer rolled over without change, but autumn gave a fresh blow, to the declining age of my father.

Sir John Neville his eldest son, was then warden of the western Scottish marches; being heated in pursuit of some marauders, he hastily drinking of some cold liquor, was seized violently ill; his death was so sudden, he scarce had time to receive absolution, or settle his worldly affairs. His heir was a youth of a hasty and impetuous temper; yet was his dispositions such, as promised he would not disgrace the valiant house from whence he sprung, with all the ardour of youth, he flew to Raby to implore the blessing of his noble grandfire, who weeping bestowed what he asked.

"Take then, he cried, my child this sword, the representative of Fitz Maldred, the heir of Raby alone should wear it, may-

est thou inherit with it the good fortune, the valour of thy ancestors,—(ah Matilda, he did inherit their valour, alas! you know the first wish of the Earl was not answered.)—Never, replied the generous youth, my Lord, can Ralph Neville disgrace the name he so proudly owns?"—He sought and obtained, long ere he quitted Raby my friendship.

Richard, the eldest son of the Earl, by the Countess Joan, succeeded his brother as warden, and paid his respects at Raby, on his road to the borders; with him came his spouse, the rich heiress of the Earl of Salisbury, and their infant daughter named after me.—I liked not Richard, I marked even then, his aspiring and ambitious temper, and saw him regard his open hearted nephew, with envy, with scorn.—

Again we were left, and winter as it gave way to spring, opened to us a new scene, for the match so long talked of between James of Scotland, and my beauteous and

accomplished cousin, Jane of Somerset, was at length agreed upon; immediately after which they set out on their journey to the north; to them and their numerous retinue, the gates of Raby were thrown open, and mirth and splendor illumed again its so late gloomy walls. "Orleans, said the king, charged me to deliver this into your hands, my fair cousin, accept it as a token of his friendship." It was a bunch of lilies composed of pearls, one of which opening, disclosed a heart of ruby, on which was inscribed the Duke's arms, and round it these words;—THINE FOR EVER.

A present so vast, seemed sufficient for a prince's ransom, but you, my Matilda, have oft seen, and admired the richness and beauty of it;—ah! fatal gift, why did I receive it, yes, weeping, I took it from James, ominous of its fate,—of mine.—

The presence of the king and queen of Scotland, recalled to my mind, those hours  
spent

spent at York in their society; happy days never to return!—they saw through the disguise of joy, which was thrown over my features; oft as Jane looked on me, her lovely eyes swam with tears, and oft the countenance of the amiable king, expressed the pity his generous bosom felt. Impatient to reach their kingdom, which had suffered so severely from the want of its sovereign, their stay was short at Raby. At Durham they were met by many of the scottish nobles, thither I accompanied my father, where he, together with the Earl of Northumberland, Lord Dacre, the Bishop of Durham, and other nobles contracted with James, and the nobles of Scotland, a truce between the nations.

“Allow us, my Lord, said the king to my father, to carry with us your daughter, she shall be the hostage for the performance of your treaty.” “Grant, cried the charming Queen, our joint request, spare to my wishes but for a short space, my beloved Cicely.”—

My father could not withstand their repeated solicitations, and left it for me to determine; I consulted my sisters Phillippa and Eleanor, both of whom had accompanied their Lords to Durham.

“ Go, said Lady Dacre, unbend my dear Cicely your mind for a short space, with the gay scenes of a court, you will return with more chearfulness to your duty, too long have you been immured at Raby; let the scottish nobles see all the beauty of the house of Beaufort was not spent upon their Queen.”

“ Go, my sweet sister, echoed Lady Percy, our father shall not want that care, that attention you so truly pay him; my Lord gladly will cherish the filial pity I feel: shall the *Rose of Raby* wither in the shades? no, my charming Cicely shall adorn the court of James, to the beauteous Queen you owe this mark of friendship.” —

At



At Alnwick I parted with my sisters, and my father, who accompanied Eleanor to Warkworth, whose Lords and many other persons of rank, escorted us to Berwick.

Arrived in Scotland,—tilts, tournaments and carousals, proclaimed the general joy. At the court of Scotland it became equally the fashion, as it had been in England, to wear the *white rose*, (a badge which has been so fatal) I trembled, as I viewed it worn by each warlike and proud chief, at every tournament and feast. The Queen rejoiced at my triumph;—alas! Matilda, I did not,—I forsook the mischief it would cause, amongst spirits fierce and intractable, as the Scottish nobles. No wonder an alliance with so powerful a family as the Nevilles, and whose wide extended possessions and connexions, were principally in the north, should be eagerly sought amongst those chieftains;—how painful to me, were the numberless refusals I had to make, which were attributed to some secret though favoured

rival, against whom they scrupled not, openly to declare vengeance, in terms so haughty that I doubted not, was it in their power, no scruples of conscience, or dread of the king would deter them, from wreaking their fury even on me.—In vain I looked for another Agnes Douglas, the Ladies partook of the manners of their Lords, rough and unpolished; I sighed to think the lovely Queen, whose elegant mind reflected the graces of her person, must shrink from manners so ungenial to her own; yet ere I left Scotland, her winning and graceful behaviour, had sunk into their hearts, and the scottish Ladies seemed to emerge fast, from the rough state I first found them in.

When I entered Scotland, I hoped every Thane resembled my sister's loved and lamented Home, or his friend Seton,—disappointed, I turned with disgust from them; yet were they not all such as I have described, nor did all fail to interest me; amongst this number was Lord Dumfries,

whose

whose noble air impressed you at first sight, his manners were frank and pleasing, his generosity, his valour secured him the esteem of his vassals, as his affability gained him their love. Attached by similarity of character, the king felt a regard for him equalled by his merit, he was constantly one of those with whom James, laying aside the monarch, chose to unbend his mind from state affairs;—the evident partiality shewn by this chief to me, was quickly remarked by the royal pair, to whom he declared his love; yet vowed he would never offend me, by offering himself, where so many had been refused, nor risque by so doing, the loss of a friendship, so highly prized as mine.

Conscious of his attachment, I lamented it was placed where no return could be made, except what was consistent with such a regard, as I bore to my brothers; that regard that partiality I felt was, alas! Matilda, productive of nought but destruction, of evil, which I narrowly escaped; yet which over-

whelmed this amiable youth.—The jealousy of my suitors was raised, they had at length an object to fix their malice upon.

The envious temper of Stuart, the son of the Earl of Athol, uncle to the king, whose high rank made him deem himself, intitled to my love, to the confidence of his sovereign, felt doubly mortified, at the preference both gave to Dumfries.

Stuart derided the virtues and accomplishments, which had thrown me, from that guarded indifference I had shewn, and he swore to be revenged.—

I had long wished to return into England, yet still the tears of the queen, the intreaties of the king had detained me, now both saw the necessity of my departure, yet both trembled for my safety. Stuart was gone we were told to the Isles, where he had large estates, this then was the best time for my journey. The amiable James and his charming

charming queen themselves, with a strong guard, were to be my escort to Berwick, where the Earl of Northumberland, was to receive me.

The day was fixed for my departure, when news arrived of an insurrection amongst some of the northern Thanes; this required the immediate presence of the king, who ever made it a point, to appear personally in such cases. "Let not this, he said, my fair cousin, detain you in this country; Stuart is absent,—I will take care all those nobles you need to fear, shall accompany me; which whilst it lessens your guards, yet also lessens your danger, to the valour and prudence of Dumfries I commit you.

Weeping at our separation, I parted from the queen of Scotland to return home; at the same time the king went northward, from Stirling where the court then was, it was easier to have sent me into England, by the western borders, but I should then



have been obliged, to take my route through the lands of chiefs, whose power I had reason to dread. I had safely arrived, within a few miles of England, without any thing material having happened; we were upon the lands of Patrick Dunbar, and hoped, ere night, to reach Berwick; already could I view the English hills. I was riding close by the side of my conductor, as we descended down a steep precipice, into a narrow valley, where ran amidst broken rocks a clear stream, almost hid by the hazel bushes which grew on its sides; the opposite hill was equally steep with that we had descended; a winding path through the purple heath, pointed out the only way by which it could be ascended, the sun was sinking fast into the west, its rays reached not the bottom of this deep dell.

Slowly now the whole cavalcade had begun to wind up the hill, when suddenly starting from amongst the heath, which had

con-

concealed them, rose a fierce band of Scots,  
each armed with a broad sword.

---

*Thus far I had reach'd in the manuscript,  
without meeting with any break in the narra-  
tive of consequence sufficient to take notice of,  
but I am now arrived at that part, which I  
mentioned at the beginning of these memoirs, as  
being spoiled by the damp; with much difficulty  
I was able to make out a part, that part I  
have transcribed; it is sufficient to carry on the  
sense of the story: yet many pages are gone  
for ever, being totally illegible, those places  
where I have not been able to make any connect-  
ed sentence, I have entirely omitted; but where  
only a single period or two was legible, I have  
preserved it; those gaps in narrative will be*

*readily perceived, without my taking further notice of them, or engrossing time so uselessly.*

*The first words after the account she gives of the dell, and the starting of the Scots from amongst the heath, are as follows :*

---

Ah ! what Matilda did I feel in this dreary abode !—no chance of escape !—even those who were my attendants, understood not my language, nor I theirs. Here Stuart had said, my days should be ended, unless I consented to be his.—I feared not his violence, as I well knew it was not me alone he sought, he looked up to the power, to the wealth of my family, and hoped by their assistance to fill the throne of Scotland.

“ In vain, I cried, are your threats, I despise them and your promises ; soon, I doubt

doubt not, the navy of England shall cover those stormy seas, then shalt thou tremble. "Pride not yourself haughty Dame, he cried, on your friends' power to release you, they can not guess you are here, it is believed you perished with your gay favourite, I was supposed far distant;—even now they weep you as dead."—Then the base wretch would laugh, at the feigned tale which was sent to the king into the north; the only comfort I had, was being left to myself, the visits of Stuart were short and seldom

\* \* \* \* \*

The winter was set in,—the snow lay white on the tops of the mountains, the icicles hung from the projecting battlements, all nature but the stormy ocean which surrounded me, appeared bound in ice, and its rough and turbulent waves seemed as if bent upon beating down the rock, on which was seated this dreary pile; oft it dashed against it, with such fury as to form a spray which  
would

would pierce through my ill defended window

\* \* \* \*

It was the month of harvest, but here no harvest gladdened the swain, and autumn to me only foretold, that another dreary winter approached. I had begun to understand a little of the Erse tongue, a language peculiarly uncouth to the ear; this was some small alleviation to my woes, as I could speak to those around me, who ignorant and uninformed, were faithful to their savage chief, to a degree which made me know, all attempts to bribe them to my interest, would be vain; yet I had obtained of them contrary to their express orders, leave to walk upon the pebble beach; which liberty I enjoyed only, when the tide was at its lowest ebb, at all other times it washed the foot of the rock, which was high and so inaccessible, that a winding flight of stairs was the only means of descending it; this trifling favour, which could by no means aid my escape, was, as well as my knowledge of the language,



language, concealed with care from Stuart; —I went not to the beach without a guard, so careful were they of the trust reposed in them. Seldom a sail appeared in those stormy seas, when it did anxiously I watched it, till no longer visible; still in hopes my retreat known, the vessel contained some friends come to deliver me from my sad prison; oft had my heart sickened, Matilda, as I ceased to view the whitening sail.

Repeatedly disappointed I began to fear, I might indeed end my days in this dreary dwelling, and began to credit the assertions of Stuart, when he said he was unsuspected, and that my death was mourned by

\* \* \* \* \*

“ I tell you proud dame, you shall be mine, your father has bestowed you on me; who so fit to receive the hand of the *Rose of Raby* as me, who so fit to fill the throne of Scotland? cried the ambitious Stuart.”

“ False

“ False traitor, I replied, the Earl of Westmorland never gave a consent thou durst not ask; soon shall the northern Barons of England revenge on thee the insult offered to their kinswoman. Dost thou think I believe the vile story thou tellest me, of the death of your worthy, your wise, your gallant king; it is false, perhaps even now he leads, a numerous host to deliver the friend of his charming consort, from thy malice

\* \* \* \* \*

Stuart had been absent little more than a week, nor did I dread his return till the appointed time, when I supposed he would visit me no more during winter, nor did I fear he had it in his power to make me bend.

I was sitting by the window of my dismal apartment, watching the retiring tide, that I might enjoy my accustomed ramble on the beach; when I heard a voice below my window, which I knew to be that of a confidential

idential servant of Stuart's; it was the dusk of the evening, and the moon had not yet rose, softly unbarring my casement, I looked out; beneath stood the young woman, given as an attendant to me by the son of Athol, who said in erse to her companion:—  
“ nay, Archy it is yet too soon, the sea has not yet retired from the stairs, let us return an hour after the moon will be risen, it grows so dark, I tremble as the waves dash against the rock.”

Archy at length prevailed, that there they should wait the retiring of the tide, and the rising of the moon, when they would walk upon the beach. And it is only two days then, till our Lord arrives, said Maudlin, he never stays above three, then will you again leave me, I will not stay in this dismal place, it is a prison; let me go with you, in the next island dwells a priest, he can unite us.” “ Patience my dear, he replied, the priest will come with our Lord, who comes  
to

to marry the English Lady, you will accompany her doubtless."

"No, answered the girl, I know she never will marry the Lord; I understand now so much of the lowland tongue, as serves to tell me that, and she has solemnly vowed she will not marry him, unless her father gives her to him, now do you think an English Lord will come hither, and my Lord swears she stays here for ever, unless she marries him;—oh, no, no, said she sobbing, poor Maudlin may here also end her days, though you have sworn so oft to take her away." "And here, he cried, I renew my promise, I tell you my Lord means to marry your mistress three days after this."

"Tell me how he means to accomplish this, said she?" "How will you reward me, should I trust you with the secret?"

"Quick, my dear Archy, only tell me how I can do any thing to please you, only  
say

y by what means my mistress, will be induced to marry our Lord." "Already, said he, she has been told of the death of the king, although she affects not to believe it, no doubt it makes an impression on her mind. My Lord is determined to marry her; for know, unless he does, his life shall be short, and spent in banishment if he succeeds, he mounts the throne of Scotland, and James dies an exile; for thus was it foretold by an aged monk, in the neighbouring holy isle, to whom the Earl of Athol applied."—

"When then my mistress is Queen, cried the simple maiden, what post will she give to me." "Fear not, my dear Maudlin, yours shall be a post of importance, therefore if you have any sway, persuade her to consent."—"Ah, she replied, she will not heed me." "But no doubt, when the fair Englishwoman, said he, reads the letter which is so exact an imitation of her father's writing,



writing, she will consent to what she will  
imagine he commands,

\* \* \* \* \*

Towards the evening of the day, before  
that on which Stuart was expected; I be-  
held a ship riding at anchor, of a size larger  
than those which I had usually seen; and  
imagined as I oft had before, that the vessel  
was an English one.

To-morrow, oh yes, to-morrow, comes  
the hated Stuart, I softly cried, pulling out  
a dagger I wore concealed, but thou! ad-  
dressing myself to it, thou shalt either deliver  
this odious tyrant, to the death his compli-  
cated crimes merit, or free Cicely from a  
life which is so burthensome. The moon  
shewed her face full and broad, as rising she  
threw the first radiance of her beams, on the  
retiring tide, now the last step was visible,  
and the loose pebbles were left on it as the  
wave fell;—I asked for the usual liberty of  
walking by the sea, all were busied in mak-  
ing

ing preparations, for the coming of their Lord, none had leisure to attend me. " Allow me then, said I, to go alone—what danger can accrue from it; alas you well know, I have no means of escape, a truth all were perfectly convinced of, that I obtained what I asked.

Rejoicing in being in possession of an imaginary liberty, I descended the steps, though each returning wave, dashed over my feet.

The moon beams fell upon the sails of the distant vessel;—ah! my beloved country, never again shall I behold it, carry with you if you are,—as my heart whispers, English the last wishes of the poor Cicely. All seemed in a hurry of preparation at the castle, the lights passing backward, appeared to me as so many funeral torches.

To-morrow, oh yes, too sure he comes, the usurper of the rights of the amiable James; what! shall I be constrained to sit  
on

on the throne of my beloved cousin? no, Cicely never will:—I stood on a little rock, over which the waves partly washed; I thought not of Lady Dacre, who had said, *desert not the station you are called to fill, shrink not at danger or difficulty*. Yes, this may be the means of avoiding Stuart,—ah! I exclaimed, as I viewed the ocean, which flowed at my feet: perhaps my body may float to that ship, sure it is English, nor will they refuse to take it for burial, in my native land:—my reveries were broke by a dashing of oars near, I lifted my eyes, and beheld a boat making the shore; from it leaped, with wonderful agility, a form which, if my senses did not, deceive me, was that of the Duke of Orleans. Let us, he cried, my friends draw the boat on shore, here is the cave we were told of; here you may be concealed, whilst I go to the castle.”

The voices which answered were English. I had not power to retire or advance, and leant against a point of the rock; my hair  
blown

blown from its fastening by the wind, hung  
 in dishevelled tresses over my shoulders.—  
 The person I had fancied was the Duke, ap-  
 proached;—he started as he viewed me;  
 “Speak, art thou not he, art thou Charles  
 of Orleans, come once more to save Cice-  
 ly;” and I sunk in the arms of him I spoke  
 too, without life or motion.

Opening again my eyes, I saw it was not  
 the prince, and shrieking, I would have  
 burst from the arm that supported me.—  
 Dread not, he cried, Lady Cicely, him who  
 is equally with the Duke, descended from  
 Louis of Orleans, remember you not his  
 brother, he whom at York—.” “Stop, I  
 cried, stop, yes you are John of Orleans,  
 why are you here?”

“Haste, he replied, yonder vessel waits  
 to convey you to England; those, pointing  
 to his companions, are vassals of your house

\* \* \* \* \*

“I hesitated

\* \* \* \*

“ I hesitated not, Lady Cicely to obey the request of my brother; I repaired to the court of Scotland, declaring myself alone to the king, spite of Stuart’s precautions, the secret suspicions of James fell upon him, yet had we no means to be convinced; as Stuart was seldom absent from court, I resolved to watch his motions. The king removed from Dumferling, when the son of Athol was sick, and unable to follow;—the sickness I found but a pretence, the same night he set out in disguise, I followed

\* \* \* \*

Having thus found out your residence, I joined those trusty fellows, who waited with this vessel

\* \* \* \*

“ I stopped not in France, after being so generously released by the king of England, continued the brother of Orleans; I repaired to Castile, where I learned Catalina the queen regent, had not been long dead; when the next heir to the late Count, provided no



issue of Donna Theresa survived, married an Arragonese Lady, who attended Maria of Arragon into Castile, on her marriage with the king. Donna Katherine died so suddenly, she had it not in her power to take proper precautions, in regard to her infant charge, who after her death had no one to assert his right; with her alone rested the secret of his birth.

The queen of Castile influenced by her favourite, represented to the king, the infant ought to be under the guardianship of his nearest relation; to which at length he consented; thus by degrees he was estranged from a child he had considered as his own. Insinuations were daily poured into his ear, of the child's slender claim to the estates of d'Aranjeus, and of the want the crown felt, from having only an infant to support the title "

The arrival of Lady Warwick in Castile, strengthened all that had been said, she had

an interview with the king, in which she found means to persuade him, no offspring of the fair Donna Theresa existed, that his mother had been imposed on by a feigned tale. The costly presents bestowed on the favourites of Don Juan, made this wicked woman's evidence undisputed.

“ A will was soon produced, which constituted Don Alvares heir to the old Count d'Aranjeus, but this will was, you know Lady Cicely, revoked afterwards by him. The king now confirmed to Don Alvares, the estates and titles of the injured infant, heir of so many lands, who was by this means thrown on the charity of the usurper.”

“ In vain did I, to the Castilian monarch, plead the cause of your child; in vain assert to his kinsman, the rights of injured innocence. I then asked Don Alvares, to resign the lovely boy to my care, he flew into a rage;—dare you, he said, a stranger, dispute the honour of the Count d'Aranjeus? think you

you I will resign the child of noble, though foreign parents to you? know I not the hatred the French bear the English?—Lady Warwick asked what you do, her I refused; to you I will not grant what was denied to her.”

“ Ah thought I, Lady Warwick will not be so refused. The child was removed,—assuming a disguise I bore him off?”

“ At Bidet, Lady St. Aubin has the precious charge.—Orleans has sworn to protect him, the heir of the Duke could not be more carefully reared.”

Ah ! Matilda, what, how various were my feelings, as I listened to the tale the Count Durois thus related: my child

\* \* \* \* \*

We landed at the very place I had embarked at, when I was carried away by the orders of Lady Douglas: how many changes

since then have I undergone,—how different now were my sentiments! Here I bade adieu to John of Orleans, who proceeded to France whilst I, attended by my retinue, went strait to Raby; I reached it without any thing material occurring on my journey; my return was not welcomed with smiles; sorrow clouded the countenance of each hoary headed domestic, and their ill concealed tears, left me no room to doubt, some dire misfortune awaited my hearing.

“Where, I wildly cried, where is my father?”

Lady Dacre appeared, she saluted and led me into the hall. “Support yourself, my dear Cicely, she cried, heaven is merciful, it has heard the prayers of our venerable parent, he lives to embrace you, yet it will not be long, ere he leaves this world; worn out by grief for your supposed death, it has hastened his; yet think not his old age has been neglected, some one of your sisters

Cicely

Cicely, were his constant attendants, yet the Earl for ever mourned the loss of his darling child; come my sister, already your father is apprised of your return."

The presence of Lady Dacre seemed to inspire me with a portion of her fortitude,—I was supported by her firmness, encouraged by her kindness.—Yes, Matilda, I wore a look of tolerable composure, as I entered the chamber of my beloved parent, who animated by the idea of again beholding me, had risen from the bed which he had not stirred from, for some weeks; on one side sat Lady Northumberland, by her stood a lovely boy, the hope of the house of Percy; I could no longer smother my feelings, when I saw the altered looks of my father,



The hopes I had conceived of my father's  
E 3 recovery,



recovery, were quickly at an end; as on the third day after my arrival at Raby, he was considerably worse; conscious of his approaching dissolution, he had the whole of his family assembled, who were near him: it was the last act of this venerable parent:—I saw him, Matilda, as he blessed each child:—on taking leave of them for ever, to each he gave such a charge, as their particular circumstances required; to all he gave a command to stand by each other.

“ To what end, said he, is it that my daughters are so honourably married, or my sons enriched by their wives, if you are not unanimous? standing by each other, the family of Neville will flourish and overshadow in the north, even the throne of England; but are ye divided amongst yourselves, a few generations and your lands and honours shall be swept away: your name, your power, scarce remembered; even in the district of St. Cuthbert, the protecting

Saint of the descendants of Fitz Maldred ;—  
for thus my children is it ordained.”

All were dismissed but my brother Richard and myself into whose hands my father solemnly committed me :—“ Guard, he said, this precious deposit, I die and leave her, in whom the long expected prophecy remained to be fulfilled ;—remember, a prince alone shall wed my Cicely.”——

\* \* \* \* \*

“ Yes, my father, hear me solemnly swear, to my brother will I transfer the duty which is your right—no, my Lord, I will not oppose my destiny—

\* \* \* \* \*

“ Ah Matilda, as I turned my back upon Raby, the scene of my childish sports, where I had spent so many happy days ;—and ah ! my friend, where every step was consecrated in my mind, to some idea indelibly imprint-

ed on my soul; how deep an anguish I felt, as accompanying my brother to his castle, I caught the last glimpse of the sacred spot, where lay the remains of both my parents.

\* \* \* \* \*

*So long a pause, as I here must make in the narrative, obliges me to remark, that it had for several pages suffered so much, I could not make out any connected sentence; the names of Lady Percy and Dacre, frequently seemed to occur; as also those of several of the family, as Robert who was Bishop of Durham, Lord Abergoverly, &c. from which I concluded, the Lady Cicely had resided occasionally with them.—I was able to retrace again, but the connexion was still disjointed, as follows:*

“ Why,

"Why, said he, Cicely, do you thus ask, what is not in my power to grant, did I not solemnly swear to the Earl to guard you." Alas! Matilda, had I not cause to fear, I must be the sacrifice to the unbounded ambition of my brother, who was now become Earl of Salisbury? I saw he was resolved I should no longer evade the fulfilment of the prophecy, by which he hoped to gratify his ruling passion—

\* \* \* \* \*

Thus time slowly crept away, my child growing fast to maturity, estranged from my arms, he knew not of my existence, alas! I seldom heard of his—

\* \* \* \* \*

With the Countess of Salisbury I felt a degree of distance, her manners invited not my confidence,—and the gay, graceful heir of this noble family, entered with ardour in—

to every ambitious scheme of his fathers: I was no longer suffered, (under the pretence of kindness,) to stir from the castle of my brother.

Returning one day from hunting in the park at Middleham, a splendid train saluted my sight, they attended a martial looking personage. As I entered the castle, I was met by the Earl:—"Prepare, he said, to receive your future husband."—I started.

"Nay, Cicely, you know not my care for your happiness, my attention to your interest; I give you to no ignoble youth, 'tis Richard Plantagenet the brave Duke of York, who comes to court your alliance; I expect such an obedience as you promised our father, when he gave you into my charge."

My brother turned from me to receive his guest, and I retired to my own apartment. You then, beloved Matilda were  
a child,



a child, at this time you were on a visit at Middleham,—you saw my distress; then, was it you first tried to sooth the afflicted heart of your Cicely.

“ Ah, said I to you, my sweet girl, no one cares what becomes of me, wretched creature that I am, I must be made a sacrifice to the ambition of the Nevilles.”

“ Nay, you replied, my dear cousin do not weep,—why do you bewail yourself thus, when such a glorious troop is advancing?—and you drew me to the window.”

Ah, my Matilda, the interest your little sensible heart took that day in my woes, created in me an affection for you, which has increased every succeeding year;—how oft to my perturbed soul, has that friendly voice spoke comfort—

\* \* \* \* \*

I entered the room, led by my brother, with all the dignity I could assume.—

“ Here, said Salisbury, presenting me to the Duke, is the long-contented-for hand of the *Rose of Raby*,—Cicely is sensible of the honour you do her.”

My brother thought this speech would silence any opposition I might be inclined to make;—but I was not then the timid girl, he had known me;—and I found I must either exert myself, or sink for ever into a state of insignificance. Withdrawing the hand, York had stooped to salute.

“ My Lord, said I, what means this, the Earl of Westmorland, when he delegated a parent’s power, also wished to bequeath with it a parent’s affection, you trifle with my happiness,—our feelings are not in our power to command, I am not a child thus to be commanded; and you my Lord of York, what is it you propose by an union with me; wish you for a hand coldly bestowed by a brother, it is all Cicely can offer you, she cannot,—it is impossible, she can ever love

love you;—true, I have sworn to obey Richard of Salisbury, and I will, should it cost my life in doing so; but a year shall elapse, ere I am the wife of any one; nay urge me no further, I am resolved,”—so saying I quitted the room; several interviews passed ere the Duke left Middleham, in all of which he failed (if he wished) to interest me. In his person tall and finely shaped, he seemed formed for a hero;—but he wanted grace, that nameless insinuating air so indelibly imprinted on my heart; the manners of the Duke were cold and stately, yet oft, Matilda, have you seen him throw that off, and court popularity with every charm of affability.

A kind of care, of restlessness seemed to disturb his soul;—my brother and York, held frequent conferences in private, to which no one but the already aspiring heir of Salisbury was admitted—

\* \* \* \*

I had

I had solemnly sworn to obey the Earl, in not opposing the choice he should make for me, and I was frequently reminded by the Countess, of his condescension in allowing me twelvemonths respite, after he had determined my fate—

\* \* \* \* \*

From visiting Jane, I returned fortified by her counsel, resolved to go to the fated ruin where my birth was foretold, where the prophecy regarding the Nevilles, seemed to fix on me.—

The Earl and Countess of Salisbury, still absent from Middleham,—I had now an opportunity of pursuing my intentions, without contradiction and accompanied by Ralph my faithful squire, and a favourite damsel, I set out to visit the Castle of Destiny—.

At noon we reached the wood, when calling those who attended us to me, informing  
them

them that in consequence of a vow I had made, I was going to spend a night in that Castle, and begged they might accompany me, only as far as they chose.—All declared they would watch with me the night, among the goblins which dwelt in the castle;—Ashamed to be outdone by me in courage, all followed till within sight of the Castle, when the whole troop stopped as it were instinctively.

“Stay, I cried, here till I return.”—Willingly I was obeyed.

Ah Matilda, as I once more viewed the disjointed towers, the broken gateway, I was seized with a kind of reverential awe and of horror, at the recollection of deeds perpetrated in this mouldering pile.—I was resolved to enter by the way my father had, in hopes I might find those apartments, he had so very minutely and frequently described to me.—We found the remains of the gate, now half sunk into the ground, and almost concealed by the weeds,—accompanied



panied by my squire and damsel, we crossed those apartments, whose situation except being still more ruinous, was exactly as my father had found them.—Ere we began to ascend the staircase, we knelt and implored the protection of heaven.—I saw fear so forcibly marked on the features of my companions, that I begged they might no further accompany me, but affection predominated, and they declared whatever ill betided, they would share it with a mistress, whose favours they had so often experienced.—

I past along the gallery, with as firm a step as I could, my trembling but faithful attendants followed close behind;—the door was closed at the extreme end, I lifted the latch, Ralph held me saying in a scarce audible whisper:—"tempt not, honoured Lady your fate, and leave this place unsearched:"—the pallid looks of both, almost shook my firm, or rather desperate resolution,—but assuming a courage, which

at

at that moment I did not feel;—I cried,  
“ nay, stay me not thus dastardly, I am re-  
solved to enter here, therefore assist me.”

Our united force applied to the door,  
made it at length give a little way, accom-  
panied by a hollow rumbling noise,—smitten  
with all the phrenzy of fear they left me:—  
I saw them take the contrary road to that  
by which we came,—and stood irresolute  
whither or no I should follow. The rum-  
bling sound ceased,—and the steps of the  
terrified pair echoed loudly through the  
windings of the solitary passages;—the sound  
grew fainter and fainter,—till I could no  
longer distinguish it.—

A kind of sickly fear took possession of  
my soul, and I began to think, the enter-  
prise I had embarked in was at once foolish  
and wicked, and I should never have reso-  
lution to accomplish.—Alas! I began to  
think what would become of me.—Again a  
distant footstep,—a door seemed to fall for-  
cibly

cibly to;—the noise was gone, yet I stood in the attitude of listening, in hopes it would return, scarce daring to breathe.

Surely thought I, they will not leave me, —their fears are partly over, they will endeavour to find the way back. In this expectation I waited some time, when I resolved to follow :—I quickly found myself in apartments dark and dreary, my imagination presented a thousand horrid forms, and I hastened back to where my attendants had forsook me;—I felt a little reassumed, and resting myself against a window, revolved in my mind the important cause which had urged me to this expedition,—perhaps thought I, by entering here as with a trembling hand I once more lifted the latch, to me may be revealed, what I alone may know;—the door opened,—I found myself in the room so long ago visited by my father,—the noise which had terrified my 'squire and damsel, I saw was occasioned by the

the tumbling of a number of stones, which had formed a barricado to the door.

The pictures were almost defaced by damp, and examining that my father had said was Joan of Raby, I perceived it concealed a door;—resolving to proceed I open'd it, whilst the cold drop of fear started from every pore, as I beheld written on the opposite wall the well remembered legend.—I stopped,—the wind sighing through each cranny of the building, sounded like the groans of misery;—I stepped forward,—the door closed behind me.—A large window, through which the now declining sun cast a golden shade, lighted the apartment,—advancing up to which, without daring to turn my eyes round, I saw the window was far above my utmost stretch.—I turned slowly about,—at the upper end of the room, seated at a table, was the veiled figure which appeared to the Earl so many years before.

Falling on my knees,—“if thou art  
human,

human, I said, pardon this intrusion,—but if thou art, as I guess an immortal being, grant me thy protection, and guard me from the dangers which perhaps surround me.”

I lifted my eyes,—it moved not,—it spoke not,—again I conjured it,—yet still it seemed to regard not;—rising, I slowly advanced to the table, which was covered with written paper and writing implements,—a book laid open, over which the figure bent as if reading, it turned not, although now close to it,—again I spoke,—its face was turned the other way, I went round the table to view it;—I shrieked, and fell lifeless on the floor, at length I recovered, yet scarce knowing where I was, till again the ghostly view met my sight, and reason frightened from her throne, gave way to a kind of frantic delirium.—

Matilda, would it not have appalled the stoutest heart,—the veil, the full drapery of the yet white garments, concealed at first  
the



the skeleton,—but it was one;—yes, Matilda, I was shut into a desolate apartment in this dreary castle, without means of escape, with a skeleton of some one, who perhaps like me, was a martyr to curiosity,—nought remained but dry bones—oh Matilda, the horrors of this night.—

Nay, stare not thus, I cried, thou gaily spectre, I fear not thy looks,—and with a wild and frantic air began to sing and dance,—a loud knocking and calling upon my name terrified me to silence.—

“ No, no, I cried, in a whispering voice, as I threw myself on the ground, sister of dust, Cicely will not leave,—hush, hush,—it is Richard of Salisbury, nay do not betray me, they would give me to York;—I am betrothed to Orleans,—look, this is the ring;—cover then—oh cover that frightful form, nay closer,—save me,—save me;—I was soon exhausted I remember, and threw myself on the ground.

Either

Either I slept, or it was a kind of waking vision, which presented itself to my disordered imagination.

“Rise, said a voice, presumptuous child of mortality.”

A door opened, and led by the voice, I descended a number of steps, then passing along a winding passage came to a large and lofty apartment, through an iron gate I passed into an open count, opposite was a stately hall, in which beneath a rich canopy stood the Duke of York, he wore a white rose in his hat, and leant upon the shoulders of the Earl of Salisbury and his son;—as I looked on the latter, his stature increased, till I scarce could perceive his head;—I turned round in amazement,—looking again,—York,—Salisbury, and my gigantic nephew all were vanished. Orleans presented me a graceful youth, who wore the features of my lamented Beauchamp;—I strove to grasp him in my arms,—ah, my mother,

mother, he exclaimed;—a sea of blood swam before my eyes,—a shriek of horror assailed my ears;—the scene shifted,—a large plain appeared strewed with the dead bodies of almost every friend I had, over them were strewed roses red and white.

“ Oh let me, let me not outlive every one dear to me, I wildly cried, and shut my eyes on the scene of misery.”

I was roused by the voice saying, “ behold, Cicely.”

I looked up,—a handsome youth, mounted on a white steed grandly caparisoned, rode through the streets of London, a train of nobles attended, at whose head was my nephew Richard,—Ladies richly dressed flung from the windows flowers and perfumes and LONG LIVE THE KING, resounded from every side.

“ Wistest thou, said my invisible conductor,

ductor, to see more,—dost thou hope to pry into futurity,—know thy posterity, shall sit upon the throne, whilst the salt waves of the ocean surround thy native land;—ere thou wert born, thy doom was fixed,—in France,—in Spain,—in Scotland, vainly you strove to avert it.”

The venerable form of my father stood before me:—“ my child, said he, thy doom is fixed,—thou hast much to sustain,—sustain it with fortitude;—shall the mother of princes, of kings, sink under her trials;—rise, now my child, your 'squire is seeking you in despair.”

I rose from my hard couch, I felt calm yet still my head was light. The morning broke, and I heard Ralph distinctly say, here sure it was our Lady entered,—wretches that we were, to let fear deprive us of our senses;—forsaking so good so kind a mistress.—

Search,

Search, I cried, near the picture, next the large chest, you will find a door, which on this side I cannot open.—

I was quickly at liberty, and without allowing them to enter the apartment;—I begged them to rise from the ground, assuring both, I forgave what was past, and descended with them the large staircase,—when finding the room where formerly the Earl of Westmorland had spent the night;—I partook of some refreshment, whilst Ralph and Bridget informed me, that urged by fear they had fled through numberless apartments, going wherever they found a passage, not daring to look round they supposed I was with them, nor found their mistake, till they reached by various turnings the foot of the staircase, they had ascended with me, here then stopping I was missed—

\* \* \* \* \*



I advanced, and took with a trembling hand from the table, the first piece of paper which presented itself to me, and read as follows :

“ Art thou young, rich, noble or lovely,—such once was the horrid form which salutes thy wondering sight ;—art thou dear to thy friends, so once was I,—art thou beloved by a noble youth as I was once,—knowest thou the pangs of jealousy,—ah let it not corrode thy heart, as it did mine ;—yes, it was jealousy which caused the ruin of him, I held dearer than life ;—the sad, the forlorn Beatrice was his ruin, was the ruin of every connexion dear to him ;—gaze on me well,—if thou art of that sex, which bears the name of gentle ;—ah rivet thy eyes on me, look on these sightless sockets, where once rolled what my lovers called celestial stars,—behold them now,—where, ah where shalt thou learn a lesson so instructive.

I laid

I laid down the paper, my knees shook under me.

I wanted not Matilda, this lesson of mortality,—life had few charms for me, had I even been vain, it had been long since extinguished ;—was I gay, I had long been sick of the pleasures resulting from such scenes ;—was I ambitious,—the ambition of my family far out run mine ;—I could at that moment have shut myself a living corpse into this dismal apartment,—recovering myself the golden legend attracted my eyes,—wretch that I am, I cried, shall a child of dust rebel.”——

I took up another paper, it begun thus :

“ Can prayer and penitence avail,—shall the wretched Beatrice ever know peace—

\*

\*

\*

\*

Ah Fitzhugh ! thou art then indeed gone,

E 2

yet

yet the wretched cause of thy undoing, still  
lingers on earth, thou went unconscious of  
her existence——

\* \* \* \*

Years have rolled on, lingering years the  
winter's frost has pinched her,—who in  
Bretagne was nursed in the very lap of  
luxury,—yet I live, amidst ruins, solitude  
and misery, sorrow kills not—

\* \* \* \*

A few days I may yet linger, in this frail  
dwelling of mortality,—my victuals are not  
yet exhausted,—I shall never again behold  
the charitable Benedict, death alone had  
power to restrain his pious visits,—how  
comfortable were his last words;—thy  
prayer, thy penitence, ascending to the throne  
of mercy shall find forgiveness;—too sure,  
he has left the realms of mortality, he would  
not

not have left me to perish for want of food;—ah when I madly swallowed poison, did he not restore me to life,—he did more, calming my perturbed soul, he poured into it the comforts of religion;—I consented to the report of a death he so narrowly preserved me from.—I would have gone into a nunnery;—“by some means, said father Benedict, your retreat will be known, Lord Fitzhugh believing you dead, bestows large possessions on the holy church,—would you retard the work of penitence, he has so nobly begun, drag him back to renew sins he renounces, a world of which you constitute the charm——

\* \* \* \*

When I first inhabited this dreary pile, I thought each night would be the last of my existence,—that any earthly being could dwell so many years as I have done, in a place where——

but now, I have been so long accustomed to its horrors, I regard them not—

Once since I inhabited this dismal castle, I saw a human being besides the good father,—Oh that night, when as the thunder rocked each ruined tower, and the vivid lightning flashed through each cranny, did a mortal venture—

Extreme misery ;—here shall the wretched Beatrice end her days.—Oh I faint with hunger, my strength is exhausted, I shall not suffer long ;—whilst yet I was able, I have fastened the outward door of my apartments, the door of my sepulchre,—perhaps this castle tumbling to ruins, shall cover my mouldering remains ;—perhaps, ah ! let that thought



thought hear me, some charitable person, may find my bones, deny not then whatever Sir William Fitzhugh would have granted to the murderer of his only child; yes, he ordered the wretched Beatrice interment in consecrated ground; whoever thou art,—whose strange destiny brings hither, if with pious hands thou payest my funeral obsequies, to thee I bequeath my sad story;—thou may be as I once was, lovely to the sight,—thou may be as I once was, unaided by prudence;—thou mayst have done as I did, foolishly; thou I hope art not, as I was, guilty of crimes, for which read, and mark, the long, the deep atonement,—look on me, thou shalt be as I am:——Vice punishes itself, virtue is its own reward.—

Oh mercy, that sick qualm——

The sentence Matilda, seemed unfinished, the hand that wrote it, was evident a weak and trembling one.

Oh yes, I cried, I will give thee as thou  
E 4 desires

desires interment; how strange indeed is the destiny, which has reserved this office for Cicely, the wife of him—

\* \* \* \*

I need not say to you Matilda, how variously sad were my feelings, at finding the veiled skeleton was the sister of the unfortunate Adeline, Dutchess of Orleans, and aunt to my amiable and beloved Lady St. Aubin,—the persecution of the fair Donna Theresa, and that from her might be traced all the misfortunes of Sir William Fitzhugh, of his innocent posterity,—I send you my dear friend, the papers which contain the story of this miserable woman.—

---

*I found the story of Beatrice as Lady Cicely mentioned, but so mutilated, it could scarce be read,*

read, even a single passage of it,—so will not at present attempt doing it;—here also I found a great deficiency in the narrative, and think some pages are entirely torn out, when it again began to be legible, the Lady Cicely was become the Dutchess of York, for she breaks out in the following exclamation:

Ah Matilda! amidst all this scene of gaiety, I felt sadly occupied with my own reflections, yet I assumed an air of cheerfulness foreign to my heart.—Envied by surrounding beauties I was miserable,—how gladly would I have exchanged the splendor of Wigmore, for the garb and homely fare of some peasant maid;—silently I bowed to my destiny.—Alas! I found myself a victim, to the ambition of my brother and his son.—York treated me with a cold

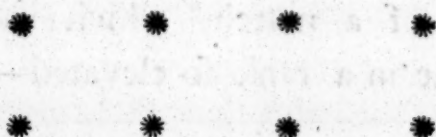
E 5 civility

civility; nay in public with a tenderness he felt not:—ah Matilda, too true, the father of my children possessed not my love,—he sought it not, content I should feel for him that esteem, he professed for me.—Ah! Orleans, how I revered that noble delicacy, which intruded not at this period, regrets to both so unavailing;—yet I heard he was sick, that a secret sorrow consumed him.—Did I think less of the cottage in Piedmont.—The rich domains, the united estates of Mortimer, Ulster and York, could not confer happiness, nor could the vanity of seeing the white rose glitter on so vast a number of vassals, make me forget I had a child, heir to possessions as extended, who was brought up on the bounty of strangers

\* \* \* \*

My uncle Beaufort, had as I before mentioned, warmly opposed my marriage with York, and was so highly irritated at Salisbury, that he swore to thwart him in every design,

design, and he kept his oath,—through his powerful influence, the Duke of York had been kept months from his appointment to the regency of France ;—the Duke of Gloucester espoused the interest of York, in opposition to the Cardinal Beaufort ;—Eleanor, Dutcheſs of Glouceſter, miſſed her husband, as ſhe had been, by ſoothſayers and diviners, and dreamt of greatneſs beyond even what ſhe enjoyed.—York ſhe hoped to bind to her intereſt, and Glouceſter was perſuaded the Cardinal's influence ſhould be cruſhed, and thus began the deadly quarrel between thoſe two princes, which ended in both their ruin—



During the Duke's abſence in France, I reſolved to confine myſelf to the caſtle, watching over my infant ſon, what tears I



shed over him,—not so was the cradle of the young Count d'Aranjeus watched;—this lovely blossom, short was its existence, soon you know he was removed from the misery, which hung over my race;—I was now frequently visited, by my uncle the Cardinal.

How ill he said, one day was that hand bestowed by Salisbury on York, your father and mother informed me of your purposed alliance, with the Duke of Orleans; I gave my consent, I would Cicely have made you heiress of my riches, so would I yet, were you the wife of any one but York;—He begun to question me regarding the sudden breaking of a match, which would have placed me in a rank so elevated—



“ Ah, said the Cardinal, I perceive your attachment was great to the Duke of Orleans, by your answers, will you consent, I will  
procure

procure a divorce for you from York ;—I will find means to release Orleans, marry him, I will settle all my fortune on you.”

I fell on my knees,—“ Oh talk not thus to me, my Lord, shall I forsake my child,—abandon the husband who has treated me with attentive respect, whom I have sworn to obey,—no, forbid it heaven !”

“ I feel my Lord, for the Duke, all the respect his character merits, all the confidence a true, a loyal wife, should—”

“ Alas ! I may be miserable, I will not be vicious, I will not have, my Lord Cardinal, the reproach of an evil conscience.”

The Cardinal seemed offended.—

I was not Matilda, politician sufficient to penetrate through the deep laid plan, of this haughty prelate—

By

\* \* \* \*

By the intrigues of the Cardinal, my husband was deprived of the regency of France, to which Beauchamp Earl of Warwick succeeded.—

It was only accidental my now seeing the Cardinal, as he never visited me, it was owing to his influence, Orleans was suffered to be present at an interview, between plenipotentiaries from France and Spain, near Calais; after his return from France the Cardinal interested himself warmly for his release, which Gloucester opposed with all his power.—I was sitting one day musing, when my uncle entered, he spoke of Orleans, his amiable qualities,—his misfortunes;—“ Soon, continued the Cardinal, he will be at liberty, there I have triumphed over Gloucester;—the Duke, my dear niece wishes to see, or at least write to you, ere he quits England to divulge matters of importance.

“ Why,

“ Why, my Lord, does the Duke mean to insult you, equally with me, by desiring you to bring a request I must refuse—

\* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \*

Again, Matilda, York and Gloucester prevailed, York was once more reinstated in his dignity, and went to France.—At the request of the Cardinal, I chose Fotheringay for my residence, he had secretly supported the interest of my husband in sending him to France; York had ordered me to be attentive to the wishes of my uncle, though their interests for ever clashed, he yet hoped at length to enjoy some of his vast riches through my means.—

I was sitting one day, marking with pensive eye, the ravages autumn had made upon the surrounding woods. I reflected on  
the

the various scenes which had sadly chequered my early life,—the expedition to the borders,—my being, whilst yet almost a child, carried away by the ruffians of Lady Douglas, my strange adventures in France,—my misfortunes in Spain—my shipwreck;—I dropped a tear to the memory of the brave, the generous youth, whose life was sacrificed for me in Scotland, and execrated the fierce son of Athol; I painfully recollected my long imprisonment in the dreary castle of the Hebrides, \* \* \* how great to Orleans are my obligations, to the Count Durois his brother, still might I have dragged amidst those stormy seas a miserable existence, had not your unceasing care preserved me.—Ah had it not been for their friends, my child had fallen in infancy a victim to Lady Warwick's malice, to the avarice, the ambition of his Castilian kinsman.

Ah! why did I refuse, when the Cardinal said, Orleans wished ere he left England to see me.—Alas! my son, the unfortunate  
Count



Count d'Aranjeus knows no protector but him;—unnatural mother that I am, shall I deprive him of his only friend,—no, said I rising, I will write to my Lord of Beaufort, in his presence I will see the Duke of Orleans:—my reveries were interrupted, by beholding riding at full speed a 'squire, followed by two pages in the rich livery of the Cardinal, who bore embroidered on their shoulders the portcullis, the arms of the Beauforts.—He stopped, the reins slackened, they fell on the neck of his steed, then recovering himself, he rode forward with his former speed,—turning to enter the outer court, I lost sight of the 'squire and his attendants;—whilst I was wondering what could be the errand, brought by a person whose demeanour was so strange, I was informed he requested a private audience, as he bore from the Cardinal dispatches of moment.

Rising out of respect to my uncle, as his  
special

special messenger entered, what are the tidings, I cried, from the Lord Cardinal.

“ Oh! pardon this intrusion, pardon Cicely, Orleans, who, thus in disguise, has, by the permission of Beaufort, intruded on you.”—Leading me to a seat, he gazed on me for a few minutes in silence,—covering my face with my hands, I burst into tears.

“ Ah my Lord, said I, recovering myself, why did you so rash an action,—ah, have you forgot I am the Dutchess of York, the wife of Richard Plantagenet?”—I rose,—I cast my eyes on the Duke.—

“ Ah, yes, said he, still standing with his looks bent on me, and his hands clasped as in an agony,—yes, yes, Cicely, too well I remember,—oh! it is deeply imprinted in my brain, and he struck his forehead with violence,—my long captivity, sunk not my soul equal to that;—yet, have I once intruded myself on your woes, or your gayer hours;

hours ;—have I not borne all in silence,—even now I come not to ask your pity, to bid you recall days long, long past,—fond hopes never realized.”

“ Ah! my Lord, why say my gayer hours, ah have I known such, has happiness been an inmate in this sad bosom?”—

I stopped,—I had, Matilda, forgot the character, it was my duty to sustain,—for my accent,—my manner, had thrown Orleans off his guard, he was kneeling at my feet,—I again remembered I was at Fotheringay.

“ Think, my Lord, how absurd this posture,—think what you owe to me, to yourself.”

The prince seated himself by me, conscious of the delicacy of your situation, I would not, though it was to bid you an everlasting adieu, have intruded on you;—  
did

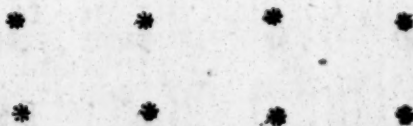
did I not wish Cicely, to talk with you on a subject, which I could not otherwise communicate."

Ah! Matilda, could I fail to excuse the Duke, as he wept with me, the necessity of my separation from my son, as the double marriage between the son and daughter of the Earl of Warwick, and Richard and Anne, children of Salisbury, would I knew make him the worst enemy my unfortunate child could have.

The Duke informed me, the ardour of his character was no longer to be restrained;—that quitting the shades of Bidet, the maternal care of Lady St. Aubin, he had joined the armies of France, that he performed miracles of valour;—writing to Lady St. Aubin, he says, "why is my birth concealed?—you have, my protectress, told me it was noble, reveal I conjure you my parents;—if they live, my actions shall not discredit them."

"Your

"Your silence drives me to acts of desperation, am I basely born, I will strive to make my birth forgot,—I will ennoble myself;—but it cannot be that a child so born, would interest such a woman as Lady St. Aubin, for its helpless infancy,—nor would a peasant's child feel as I do;—ah, my more than mother, pardon me, had you not an aunt, who followed from Brittany, an English baron to his own land;—my honoured Madame, I have no claim to the name of Bidet, nor was I always reared under your care, I remember at the first dawn of reason, I saw the blue waves roll beneath a stately vessel in which I was, I remember a long journey too. I have fought against the English, may I not, as I have dreaded, dip my hands in the blood of some near kinsman. Oh give me a name, I conjure you——



The



The bloom of beauty was gone, which had enchanted so forcibly the Duke of Orleans; he too Matilda, was changed,--- years, long wearisome years, had passed over us, since we parted at Raby, a settled sadness had robbed his countenance of that ardent expression, his eyes had lost much of their vivacity, yet I durst not encounter the expression, which swam over them,---Raby, ---Warkworth,---danced before me, all such recollections I knew became the wife of York, I went to the nursery and wept over my child—



I was thankful, the inviolable honour of Orleans had preserved him from the snare, which I now plainly saw had been laid by the ambitious Cardinal for me, to whom as also to Orleans, he had proposed divorcing me from York; to which, if I agreed, I

was

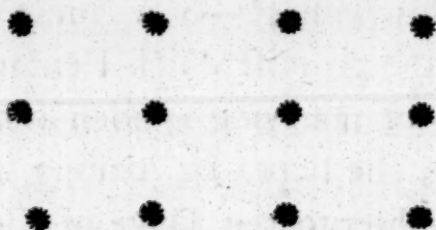
was, by marrying Orleans, to pave the way for a peace between France and England,—Orleans secretly was to be ransomed by the Cardinal, who then would make me his heir.—

Beaufort hoped too, by the means of Orleans to procure such a peace, as would secure his influence, sink Gloucester and York in obscurity, thus he hoped to rise on their ruin; nor did he doubt, by procuring an interview for Orleans with me, I should agree to his wishes:—how futile were his plans, for the promise which I extorted from the prince, of marrying as soon as he reached France, he kept, by uniting himself to Mary, daughter to the Duke of Cleves, and grand daughter to John Duke of Burgundy, who had caused Lewis, Duke of Orleans, to be assassinated in the streets of Paris—

Well

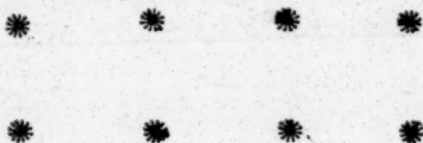
Well might Henry the fifth say, Orleans alone was a host, continued the Cardinal, crowds surrounded him on his arrival in France, the populace received him as if returned from the conquest of England;—Charles received him with coldness, disgusted he retired from court.—

In vain the Cardinal dissuaded me from obeying my husband's commands, to attend him at Rouen,—I set out attended by—



“ Amongst the prisoners, said the Duke of York, is a youth, whose noble and graceful mien charms me;—I marked his gallantry as he flew from rank to rank, encouraging the French;—he unhorsed your brother, Lord Falconbridge, but beholding his

his arms, rise, said he, you are safe, your ensign bespeaks your birth,—alas! the sin I might incur was I to wound you might be grievous:—he wears, continued the Duke, as armonial ensigns, an antique castle surrounded by cypress,—when his name was asked, his answers were vague, and I thought bordered upon insanity; he was, I understand, knighted for his valour, by Charles himself.



“I have, said the Duke, complied with your request, and granted the youth his liberty,—I told him, to you he must return his thanks, he comes now to do so.”

A tall and elegant figure entered, and threw himself at my feet, he spoke.—

Matilda, I saw no more,—I was no longer sensible of what was around me, till I

found myself in bed, surrounded by my women,—where, I wildly cried, where is my son! speak! bring me to him quickly,—they put into my arms Edward,—behold my Lady, here is your child.—Ah! no, no, that is not he,—it is not the son of Duke Richard, it is Beauchamp! my beloved—

\* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \*

Ah! as my reason returned, I remembered the indiscretion I had been guilty of,—I sadly recollected the cause which had thrown me into such a state;—yes he, for whose liberty I had interceded with my husband, must have been my son, alas, who else could it be, who thus was distinguished by features so deeply imprinted on my soul, and who wore the air, the manner of my  
4 loved



loved Beauchamp,—the age,—the mystery that hung over him,—all, all convinced me it was my son—



The Duke regarded with an eye of suspicion,—yet with that reserve he was eminent for, he spoke not of it to me.

I dared not ask, nor could I learn what had become of the youth, my heart acknowledged,—conjecture was wearied in regard to my son, and I sometimes meditated writing to the Duke of Orleans, or Lady St. Aubin—



I resided, upon my return to England, chiefly at Wigmore; let, said my husband, Edward be rendered dear to the vassals of the house of Mortimer, let him who is the heir—



I was sitting one evening in an arbour, whose entrance opened to the western sky, where indulging in pensive remembrance, I gave loose to my thought and audibly exclaimed:—

“ Just so looked my Lord, when kneeling, he swore, in the habitation of Sir William, to love me for ever:—ah loved and lamented, how similar were your fates!—in vain did the venerable Fitzhugh hope,—the curse, the fatal curse, of the rash Count d’Aranjeus is not yet spent; hapless child, hast thou not left the fostering care of Lady  
St.

St. Aubin."—"Am I not forgotten then, is the child of Lord Beauchamp dear to the Dutchess of York?—Oh, my mother look on me.—Matilda, it was,—yes, he knelt before me, my noble, my generous, my much-loved child.——

\* \* \* \* \*

Ah! at Pontoise, when you appeared to return your acknowledgements, there my heart declared you were my child——

\* \* \* \* \*

Tell me what became of you, my son. "I saw you, my mother, fall dead as I thought, whilst nature's all powerful instinct seemed to say, this is thy long looked for mother: I would have supported you, but the Duke, with a stern air, ordered you to be conveyed to your chamber. "Depart, said he, young man, quit Portoise ere the sun set." In hopes of hearing of you, I obeyed not; the Duke heard I still lingered, he——

But answer me, how knew you my son, the arms of the Nevilles were those of a family from whom you were descended.

“ I was sitting, he replied, one day with Madame St. Aubin, when she begged I would bring from an apartment in the western tower, somewhat she had occasion for;—tempted by a kind of irresistible curiosity, I endeavoured to open the door of a room I had never visited, it was locked; after trying divers keys, at length I found one which opened it; it was, my mother, the room you had once occupied, it had there acquired with its noble owner, and his amiable sister, a kind of sanctity; all had been suffered to remain, just as you quitted it;—on a table lay a piece of embroidery, I took it to Lady St. Aubin, informing her of my little adventure, and inquiring whose arms those were, thus beautifully delineated;—she trembled, turned pale and weeping, took it, saying, “ why did you rashly enter there? —Cicely, shall the hours you spent in tracing

cing the arms of your family, prove fatal to your son?—ah! my child, that thou wert permitted to bear those arms, that any of the noble houses, from whence you sprung would acknowledge you?”

“ Oh, tell me, my more than parent, what family bears those arms,—lives Cicely who forsakes her hapless child?—tell me, I will travel over wilds and deserts, till I find her;—I will kneel, and only ask her blessing, only ask whose honour I ought to defend.”

“ Alas! my child, say not your mother forsakes you, she lives; unwillingly is she obliged by reasons you will never learn, to conceal you here, an oath, strict and inviolable, binds me from saying more, already have I disclosed too much.”

“ In vain were my entreaties to Lady St. Aubin, but I now knew my birth was noble; I resolved never to disgrace it, and solemnly vowed, never to visit again Bidet, till I had



seen my mother; which vow I made in the apartment where I found the embroidered arms; folding them up, as my greatest treasure, I privately left the castle, where I had been so carefully educated, and soon reached the troops, commanded by the Count Durois, the brave brother of the Duke of Orleans—

\* \* \* \* \*

“What were my emotions, as I viewed the Dun Bull, on the armour of Lord Falconbridge, and \* \* \* after the battle was over, I found myself a prisoner;—I asked for Lord Falconbridge, and to my infinite vexation learnt he had quitted Pontoise, leaving me to the charge of the Duke of York, whose Dutchess was his sister; hastily I asked the name of the Dutchess, and heard it was Cicely:—I was sick with impatience; sure, sure this Lady, whose humanity, whose generosity is so loudly praised, must be my mother!!—yet I will do nothing rashly,—she is married,—that no doubt is the secret cause why she forsakes me;—I will not give her cause to curse me,  
—some

—some hidden attachment, I supposed, was the cause of my birth. I saw the Duke, the long wished for time was arrived.”

“ I begged to return in person my thanks to the Dutchess, to whom I owed my liberty; my request was granted, too well you my mother remember the result :—lingering at Pontoise against the Duke’s order, again I was imprisoned. The Duke of Orleans at length hearing of my detention, procured my release when you were returned to England.”

“ I flew to my benefactor; embracing me, he cried—“ my adopted son, thou art worthy such a mother as Cicely.”—

“ Oh, speak ! I cried, my Lord, leave me no longer in ignorance, what right have I to the name you mention, why am I thus banished the presence of my mother ?

“ Ah my mother, how was I agitated by  
the

the recital the Duke gave me, of your suffering, of my own strange destiny, which was for ever to deny my residing in England—

\* \* \* \* \*

Wandering from place to place, the ghost of my former self, I found myself at Calais, the white cliffs of England for ever in my sight; I could bear it no longer, I crossed the sea which divided me from you; learning you were at Wigmores, I flew to behold you, no I would not I thought offend; but return again to the protector of my youth, without discovering myself to you."

"I could not restrain myself, how was it possible, when I heard you lament for me—

\* \* \* \* \*

Sometimes I resolved to openly avow my son, my noble, generous child;—I would implore for him, the protection of my husband—his justice, his honour, would make him the defender of injured innocence; yet the long concealment which had been made, —my thoughts then reverted to my uncle  
the

the Cardinal:—again my cooler judgement represented the avarice of that haughty prelate, and I shrunk from the thought; *when a descendant of thine, said the vision to my father, takes as his arms the bear and ragged staff, the rivers of England shall be red with blood*;—well I know Beaufort will stop at nothing, to gratify his ruling passion,—the jarring interests of so many can never be reconciled,—England will be a scene of uproar and bloodshed.—Still shall my child rest upon the kindness of Orleans, whom I found had entirely concealed the fatal encounter of Barcellona from his charge; and I determined to explain to my beloved son, the reason so long concealed of the prohibition——

\* \* \* \* \*

“ Let me but my mother remain in England, let me but sometimes behold you, the bear and ragged staff shall never be borne as the arms of your son,—I will not aspire, to

the honoured name of Beauchamp——

\* \* \* \*

“ Has not, my son, the Duke of Orleans hopes, that yet you may recover the estates of the noble house of D’Aranjeus; the obligations of de Luna, the favourite of the Castilian monarch are great; shall the descendant of the Beauchamps rank with the vassals of his house; in Castile, shall not the heir of D’Aranjeus be acknowledged ?

\* \* \* \*

How severely did I feel this parting with my son,—I had made exertions above my strength, in appearing before him with composure; and I was confined some time to my bed, where I gave way to reflections the most agonizing; my son, I had doomed to wander far from me, in search of wealth, of honours, he might never attain;—whatever light I looked upon, the strange destiny which  
attended



attended him, struck fresh pangs to my heart;—alas! could I break the solemn promise I made my father, and involve my native land in confusion? could I bear to see him in England, without aspiring to the rank, he would so nobly fill?

Weak and languid, the mere shadow of my former self, I was just able to again leave my room, when with a countenance distracted by rage, appeared my husband, whom I supposed still in France:—I screamed with terror and surprise——

\* \* \* Base and deceitful woman, he loudly cried, dost thou think to deceive me, too long have I tamely borne with you;—I know of the visit of Orleans in the disguise given him by Beaufort of Fotheringay.—At Pontoise I suspected thy infamy, at Wigmore it was confirmed, when in the arbour you met your youthful

ful minion \* \* \* I was seized with repeated faintings, and was conveyed to my apartment.—ere morning my Lord was father to another son; without condescending to see me, the Duke returned to France, which he had left secretly, —I was commanded to follow as soon as I was able to travel—

Arrived in London, I had an interview with my uncle Beaufort, who closely questioned me concerning what the Duke had assiduously concealed; who, though believing me guilty,—yet thought it was by no means requisite, to avow to the world his knowledge of my supposed guilt, and hoped still to preserve my influence with the Cardinal; but he who had spies into every family of consequence, knew sufficient to alarm him.

To my uncle I acknowledged the imagined lover was my son—that early in life I was secretly married, that a fatal accident had

had deprived my husband of life, leaving this only child, to whom the Duke of Orleans was guardian; no child, then of York's shall inherit my estates,—give him a name,—speak Cicely,—was his father noble?"

"Oh, yes my Lord, my child derives his descent from houses of ancient nobility,—but spare, ah spare me on this subject,—reasons deep and inexplicable, preclude my saying who——

With a coldness bordering on disgust, I was met at landing in France by my husband;—ah Matilda, how hard was this to bear,—the consciousness of my innocence alone supported me. Still in public the Duke treated me with respect;—alas! my children for you, I bore patiently all his private indignities;—I know, said York, you married me, in compliance with your brother's commands,—you cannot accuse me of cruelty.

Ah

Ah! sure, Matilda, I could not speak, certain I must appear guilty, nor could by any means but one, vindicate myself——

Reinstated in the good graces of his sovereign, the Duke of Orleans procured a truce with England, peace succeeded; I heard not of my son, I was kept a kind of prisoner in the castle near Rouen; at which city a splendid tournament was proclaimed, where met again in friendly jousts, the knights of France and England.

I assisted in bestowing the prizes,—my favours were as usual the WHITE ROSE.—Sick of all the pomp and parade, attendant upon me, I went through it as a mere machine.——

The Duke of Orleans, though challenged by York, refused to appear; alledging an excuse, of which I easily divined the cause. On the third day arrived a Spanish knight, whose

whose gallant appearance interested every one in his favour;—his armour was richly embroidered with silver roses,—on his shield a bear held a bunch of the same flowers,—on the back of the animal rested the arms of D'Aranjeus.

Oh Matilda, could I fail to recognise in that graceful form *my son*?—the whole scene swam before my sight,—I respired with difficulty;—the 'squire of this knight, threw down his gauntlet, proclaiming that the Count d'Aranjeus had travelled from Castle, in order to encounter some of the gallant knights there assembled. The shield borne by the 'squire was plain, except a border of lilies, which enclosed a *white rose*; in vain was the disguise, the mien of the Duke of Orleans could not be concealed, I saw through it.—My son bore off each prize,—bestowing them,—what did a mother feel!—too rash youth, I softly cried, as he stooped to take up the favour which fell from my trembling hand, why did you venture here?"



“ Alas ! said he, with an air of seeming gallantry, what avails fame if not rewarded by your smiles ? ”

The Duke of York was near, and heard this speech of D'Aranjeus, and soon after declared his intention of encountering the brave Castilian, whose address had vanquished all opposition ; I shuddered as I heard this declaration, the fatal rencounter at Barcellona, was present to my view.

Advancing, my son fell at the feet of the Duke ;—“ excuse me, my Lord, said he, nor impute to cowardice what is the effect of necessity ;—I am obliged to be at Toledo on a certain day, to settle there affairs of importance , and doubt I shall not arrive in time, should I leave Rouen, within an hour ; I decline therefore the combat, though to be vanquished by the Duke of York, would reflect no disgrace on D'Aranjeus

\* \* \* \* \*

The

The gay carousals at an end, I returned to my solitude;—adjoining to this castle, were the remains of a monastery, founded by the first christian princes; its holy inhabitants had been removed to Rouen, by the Norman Dukes, and the building suffered to decay; sculptured tombs, on which were inscribed ancient characters, which I understood not, proved its former grandeur, and added to the solemn appearance it made;—there oft, when I escaped from the vigilance of those, who rather guarded than attended me; I would wander, indulging my sad reflections, during those hours consecrated to reflection.—

The evening after my return from Rouen, early dismissing my attendants, I extinguished my taper, and sat down gazing on this majestic ruin, of which my chamber window afforded me a full view; the moon beams fell in fantastic shadows, through the broken windows and disjointed walls, whose lofty sides cast a dark shade over the adjoining

ing land ;—a nightingale perched in a neighbouring grove, poured forth her plaintive notes, which accorded with my soul's sadness,—it ceased,—all nature was hushed in silence, all, said I rising, sleeps but me,—I will, ere I again water my couch with nightly tears, pay my devotions at the foot of yon long neglected altar.—

I had lately found a way, which led from an adjoining closet, into the cloisters, and it was by this means, I was enabled to indulge in my solitary rambles, when all my guards were wrapt in sleep :—slowly I walked up the ruined aisle ; the heavens my only canopy, the roof had long since been the prey of sacrilegious hands, the rough massy pillars which had supported it, remained and seemed to bid defiance to time,—I knelt where in other times had stood the high altar.

“ Oh ! preserve, I cried, my son, my noble minded child, may the race which is set before him, be run with honor, and  
grant,

grant, oh grant, he may be more fortunate than his father,—more happy than his sad mother ;—may the curse, the fatal curse of the rash Count d'Aranjeus be spent,—may he ever shew his gratitude to the gallant, the generous preservers of his infant years ;—I paused a few minutes ;—ah, may my memory descend to my children unblemished, may my husband be convinced of my innocence.

“ My mother behold your son, him for whom your pious orisons were poured out ;” —and Matilda, ere I could believe it was no dream, but indeed my son ; the Duke of Orleans advanced saying,—“ yes, Cicely, I trust it is spent, the fatal curse shall not reach your son, who is now indeed Count d'Aranjeus.”

Behold me Matilda ! seated on an antique tomb, supported by my son, the Duke bending over us with a look which seemed to say :—yet, yet, Cicely, I have not sufficiently atoned for the rash deed at Barcellona.—

The moon shone full on the beautiful face of d'Aranjeus.

As I clasped him to my bosom, my full heart was relieved by tears. The interesting countenances of the Duke and d'Aranjeus, underwent many changes whilst they related to me the following account:

---

“ ON leaving you at Wigmore Castle, I took the road to London, and embarked for Spain; I rested not till I saw the Count d'Montauban, he was accompanied by his only child, the lovely Donna Leonora, I was a captive to her charms

\* \* \* \* \*

“ How happily stole away those moments, to be beloved by the fair heirefs of d'Montauban, recompensed, ah ! more than recomp-



compensated, the indignities to which in this disguise I submitted

\* \* \* \* \*

Travelling to Pomfelma,—near which in right of his mother, the Count had large possessions,—in a defile of the mountains, over which our road lay, we were beset by robbers;—Leonora in danger, the life of her father at stake,—I did at that moment, more than I thought myself capable of; it was wonderful,—the retinue of the count was overcome, himself and the lovely Donna Leonora bound and prisoners, I arrived but in time to preserve, and rushed like a lion upon the banditti—

\* \* \* \* \*

“ Speak, cried the Count, why this downcast look, why young man do you refuse to accept my offers,—are you what you appear?—your knowledge in so many ways astonishes me,—have you by offend-

ing against the state, been banished your native land—

\* \* \* \*

“ I am not, 'tis true, my Lord what I seem, France is not my native land, I was born in Castile, of English parents ;—my father came to claim estates, which descended to him from his grandmother ;—I was left in Castile, Donna Catalina, queen regent was my guardian,—dying without informing Don John her son, of the claims I had ; I was deprived of my right, and became a dependant on the bounty of——”

“ Mighty God ! cried the Count, is it possible, speak—was it d'Aranjeus, whom you say deprived you of your right

\* \* \* \*

“ The mystery was explained, Montauban was a title, lately granted to the Count d'Aranjeus, and I found the heiress of Montauban was my rival in the estates of the fair

fair Donna Theresa. I revealed all I knew of my birth, the well remembered locket of my grandmother, authenticated the truth—

\* \* \* \* \*

“ I will not oppose, said the Count, what heaven itself seems to ordain; my only child, the rich heiress of my possessions, a prize contended for by all the noble youth of Castile and Navarre is your's; the title so long contested I will yield to your valour, your wisdom shall adorn it——

\* \* \* \* \*

“ No sooner did the news reach the Duke of Orleans, than he set out for Castile, bearing with him a deed, by which the rich Cardinal of Beaufort, constituted me his heir——

\* \* \* \* \*

“ The old Count did not long survive my marriage, I paid the last offices to his memory, with all the pomp his high station demanded; the estate, the title of D'Aranjeus

rested with me.—I longed to present myself to you, and heard you were in France.—Go, said my beloved Leonora, Don Henry

\* \* \* \* \*

“ Again I visited Bidet in France, the subject of general conversation was the marriage of Margaret of Anjou and the king of England, all spoke of the tournament at Rouen; the Duke of Orleans, though declining the offered combat by York, attended me as an humble 'squire—

\* \* \* \* \*

“ Afraid of a discovery we left Rouen, and waiting your return to your solitary abode, took up our station amidst those ruins——

\* \* \* \* \*

“ Impatiently I saw the declining sun sink in the sky, and the hour of rest approach, when again I should behold my son, —the Duke was, I hoped, ere then, many miles,

miles distant, as he was to set out immediately I returned from them.—

\* \* \* \* \*

Softly I left my apartment, and was again seated on the tomb, where the night before I had listened to the wonderful tale of my son, and where that night I was to bid him adieu, perhaps for years.

The door behind the altar opened, my son advanced to meet me;—I heard some hasty steps sound amidst the ruined aisles,—retire instantly said I, my child.”

“ Leave you my mother, exposed to midnight ruffians! what shall the son of Lord Beauchamp, desert you in danger? cried d’Aranjeus drawing his sword. Advancing from the gloom, which covered that part of the building, appeared a few chosen soldiers, on whose weapons the moon beams fell, my husband was at the head of this little troop; he flew with fury against my son, I rushed between them:—Oh spare my Lord, I would



have said, my child,—but the sword of York pierced my side, the blood gushed out, and I fell insensible on the pavement.

\* \* \* \*

A woman I never before had seen, saluted my returning senses, York, d'Aranjeus both were gone. In vain were my repeated questions, in vain I asked to see my husband: I was told I should never behold him more, that they were forbid to answer me any questions; I refused to have my wound dressed, till frantic with pain and distress of mind, I was bound, Matilda, a miserable lunatic in my bed.—What days, what nights of horror did I sustain!—now screaming aloud, I imagined the sword of my Lord, just plunging in my bosom; then the bleeding form of my son stood before me, and shrieking for help till my strength was exhausted, I could no longer articulate my fears—

Reason at length by slow degrees, began to revisit her long forsaken mansion; these  
glimpses

glimpses were transitory, and succeeded by fits of fullen melancholy.

After one night less sleepless than usual, I was standing by a window of my apartment, when a faint recollection struck on my brain, of the surrounding objects. The door of an adjoining closet stood ajar,—I entered, examining with a childish curiosity, the tapestry with which it was adorned, when my attention was engaged by two pictures, which hung at the upper end of the closet;—I burst into tears, with those tears, came a sad recollection of their cause; one was the portrait of a handsome youth, who appeared in the bloom of life; the arms denoted, he was of the noble family of Beauchamp:—the other was the portrait of a Lady, whose bright auburn tresses, fell over a neck of polished beauty,—her large dark eyes, were expressive of uncommon sweetness and intelligence; could I have been mislead by their resemblance, to my ever loved, ever lamented

ed

ed Beauchamp ;—yet the joint arms of Fitzhugh and d'Aranjeus, assured me it was the portrait of the fair Theresa of Cutherstone, the mother of my dear Lord :—I gazed with aching eyes on the pictures, nor was the subject of the tapestry less interesting, it represented a lovely infant, who with a man and woman were borne away by a stream, which they appeared to have been crossing on horseback. Another part, represented a Lady fainting in the arms of a knight, whose faces corresponded with the portraits; a priest stood near, and at their feet lay the dead body of the woman, represented with the child,—a river ran past them, and a distant view of an abbey (I knew to be that of Fountain,) formed the back of the piece.—All, all convinced me it was the sad story of Lord Beauchamp and Theresa, where then could I be ! I went to the window, it was far above my reach.—

I went to the window of my own apartment,

ment, I was indeed in a castle of the Beauchamps;—the rapid waters of the Tees, rushed down the foot of the rock on which it stood;—I saw the castle of the Fitzhughs, the forest of Marwood, beyond was the forest and mountains of Teesdale;—yes Matilda, I was in the castle of Barnard:—sitting down, I endeavoured to recollect the past:—ah! too clearly for my peace, I remembered where last I saw my son, and the sword of my husband was pointed at his breast;—that it pierced mine,—that I fainted, and when I recovered,—my husband and son were both gone;—I recollected refusing to have my wound dressed, or take any support, unless my inquiries were answered;—what followed I knew not, all was sad, dark, dreary;—I was lost in a labyrinth of conjecture, when the door opening, the woman entered who attended me.—

“ Tell me, I cried with vehemence, nor any longer imagine me frantic, where I am :

—Oh! tell me, is not this a castle of the Beauchamps?—has Lady Warwick rose from the dead, to persecute me?—why am I imprisoned here, where is my husband, the Duke of York?—speak! nor fright, by your cruel silence, from her seat, my new recovered senses.”

“ Ah! my beloved mistress, I will no longer be restrained from attending you, cried my faithful Bridget, who pushing past the person who first entered, fell at my feet, I raised and embracing her, joined my tears to hers—

\* \* \* \* \*

“ I was waked, said Bridget, in the dead of night, but not permitted to attend you, though I was informed you were wounded, no one knew the cause;—the Duke of York was also wounded, and brought into the castle; him I attended, but there was a person who accompanied him, in the same situation,



he situation, whom no one saw, but the confidential servant of the Duke; they staid three days, when at midnight they set out, but I know not what road they took."

"In vain were my sollicitations to see you, but I learnt you refused food, or to have your wound dressed; soon after I was admitted my dear dear mistress to your chamber, and found you, alas! in a way, which I thought would have rendered me as you were, you knew me not, you knew no one,—you raved of your husband, of your child:—I supported myself,—your other attendants were, I knew, either ignorant wretches, who hardened to scenes of misery, felt not for you; or creatures of the Duke of York, ever ready to misinterpret each frantic expression—

\* \* \* \* \*

"I attended you my Lady to England,  
we

we were some time at Wigmore,—when suddenly at night we left it, and took the road to where we now are ; we were only a day's journey from Wigmore, when the Cardinal's steward arrived there, examining every servant in the castle concerning you,—but all persisted in saying they supposed you still in France, for such were the orders they had received ; as the Duke is afraid of the power of Lord Beaufort, to whom I would have declared your situation, but whilst I was permitted to attend on you, I trembled for the consequence, had your uncle known all ;—who now may be said to rule England, as he was the promoter of the match you know, between the king and Margaret of Anjou ;—whose influence predominates so far, that the Duke of Gloucester has been accused of treason ; he was thrown into prison, where he died it is said of poison, or some other violence—

\* \* \* \* \*

Haste then my dear Lady, the Lord Cardinal

dinal will protect you from the Duke, I can procure a disguise."

"No, Bridget, I will not fly, it is by my husband's commands no doubt I am here:—alas! shall my children be taught to call me, as York has done, names at which I shudder?—No! here shall I stay, patiently bearing every torment, that the jealousy of York, or the malice of the Beauchamps can invent;—already are the troubles of this miserable land begun, I will not involve my husband in quarrels for me, nor shall the Beauchamps triumph over my impatience."

"The Beauchamps, Lady, replied my faithful damsel, no longer own those lands or towers,—your nephew Richard, heir of the Earl of Salisbury is the Lord now."

"Where is then Bridget, said I, in accents of surprise, where is the only son of Richard Earl of Warwick, who succeeded to his title and estates, who married, ere his father's

father's death, my niece Cicely, the daughter of Salisbury?"

"Henry, she replied, heaped on him honours and titles, which he lived not to enjoy; his vast estates went to his sister Anne, who married Richard Neville, and the king is shortly expected to give him the title of Warwick."

"I was struck with this intelligence, ah! my child, I exclaimed, was it for this I have acted so unnatural a part was it for this; I have patiently endured my husband's vile suspicions.—Oh! my father, too sure will the prophecy be fulfilled; well Richard do I know thy ambition,—*the rivers of thy native land shall flow with the blood of her children*, the descendant of the Earl of Westmorland, bears as his arms *the bear and ragged staff*."

Bridget looked as if terrified.—"Go, said I,

I, my worthy creature be not afraid of me;  
I shall soon be well—

\* \* \* \* \*

I knelt before the portraits of Lord Beauchamp, and his beauteous spouse ;—Oh pardon, I cried, dear parents, of my ever lamented Lord, the errors of her, who thus solemnly promises, she will no longer disown her child,—if yet he lives,—unnatural, hard hearted, unworthy the name, the fond, the sacred name of mother ;—no, said I, rising, I will no longer bear this load of infamy ; I will write to the Lord Cardinal, I will send for my nephew of Westmorland, his open and generous temper knows not the disguise of courts,—Percy too—

\* \* \* \* \*

I begged to walk up the court of the castle, over the battlements waved the *arms of the Beauchamps*, and the *dun bull* of the Nevilles.



viles. A long forgotten idea rose in my mind:—when I dreamt,—thus said the venerable form of Sir William Fitzhugh, thou fittest in the castle of the Beauchamps, which overhangs the rapid waters of the Tees, when its owners are changed, and the dun bull waves over the battlements, open then the packet you found in the cave of Teefdale.—

I hastened to my apartment, and inquired of Bridget for a casket, in which I had ever carefully preserved this packet;—I drew it forth, and dismissed my attendant:—with trembling hands I opened the seal and found under it, in a number of folds, a silver key, and a piece of paper, on which was written, this is the key of the ivory cabinet, which contains all the papers relative to my unfortunate child and her son; the cabinet is concealed in the closet, (which represents the sad story in tapestry) behind the picture of Theresa, which was brought from Cuthers-  
stone,

stone, at the request of the Earl of Warwick,  
and placed next to that of his son—

\* \* \* \*

All, Matilda, was there, the Earl's will, by which he secured to the child of Theresa of Cutherstone, his vast estates, with a will of Sir William's, leaving his lands and riches also to that child, if ever found: the testimony of the marriage of Lord Beauchamp, and the birth of the child of Theresa, all were there.

“ Unlooked for, unhopd for, I exclaimed, how inscrutable are the decrees of providence, who out of evil bringeth good:— When Lady Warwick ransacked the cave of father Ambrose, little did she dream, that there existed in the stately castle of Barnard, such certain proofs—

\* \* \* \*

I wrote

I wrote now, Matilda, to the Cardinal,—procure, said I my Lord, the release of an unfortunate creature who claims your protection, then will I speak to you of my child; will avow his birth: you will find it not disgrace your Cicely; that the alliance she so early formed, could not degrade the blood of the Plantagenets, which flowed in her veins, nor sully the honour of the Nevilles, whose name she proudly bore.

\* \* \* \* \*

The messenger had been gone three days—I was sitting anxiously calculating when he might return; when suddenly bursting open the door, my husband appeared, who bore in his hand a letter. What meant you, cried he, Cicely, by imploring the protection of the Cardinal?—meant you by imposing false tales upon him, to procure my ruin?—but your plots, artful as you deemed them, are overthrown;—behold this your writing;

writing;—and know false, treacherous woman, your rich, your powerful uncle, the bishop of Winchester, the Cardinal of England, the Lord of so many lands, the director of counsels, the avaritious possessor of wealth unbounded, is dead!—yes, proud dame, he died a death more miserable than that he caused the good Duke Humphrey of Gloucester to suffer; at that moment, what availed his wealth or his power, when tormented by the sting of conscience, his trembling soul took its flight.”

\* At the sudden appearance of York I had given an involuntary scream,—but the news of the Lord Cardinal’s death, deprived me almost of motion.

“What, rejoined the Duke, do you not weep, and lament the death of your uncle?”

“Yes, I steadily replied, I do lament his death, my Lord, in him I have lost a steady friend.”

“ And, said York, Madam, my most inveterate foe.”

“ Yet, I resumed, my Lord, though no longer the Cardinal can protect me, are not my alliances numerous and powerful ; did I want any protection but yours, sure I might safely depend on them for it ; a wife, who never swerved from her duty, implores on her bended knees, that you will not thus utterly desert her.”

“ Ah ! perjured woman, can you hope to blind me, as you expected to have done Beaufort—

\* \* \* \* \*

“ Alas ! my Lord, he was indeed my son ?”

“ Why then did you not declare it at Wigmore ?—Why not at Rouen, declare the Count d'Aranjeus was your son ? weak and



wicked, these arts shall not avail with York ;  
—would he not have said, when so long imprisoned, he was your child.”

“ Tell me, O I conjure you, rack me my Lord no longer with suspense, does he yet live ?—alas ! this fatal secret, what days, what years of misery, has it cost me to keep it.”

“ Explain, cried York, with an air of reserved dignity, which was natural to him, what is it you mean by this secret ? till then Cicely I resolve no questions you ask.”

Throwing open the door of the closet,  
“ behold, I cried, my Lord, those pictures,  
—look at the story wove in tapestry ;—here view this cabinet, it contains papers relative to the too late disclosed secret

\* \* \* \* \*

“ Sure now the fatal curse is exhausted, which the rash Count d’Aranjeus, uttered against the fair heiress of his fortune ;—has not a descendant of Ralph of Westmorland, borne as his arms the *bear and ragged staff*?—ah! my Lord, was it for this, I have suffered suspicions so unjust; my nephew usurps the rights of my child,—should he come into England, will you not protect him?—ought not Richard Neville to yield the lands and castles of the Beauchamps to their true owner, to the legal heir?”

“ Too long, Cicely, have you deferred acknowledging this gallant youth; your promise to your father, the dread of the prophecy, should not have made you conceal it from me, when I wounded you with suspicions so unjust; yet had I not cause to suspect?—why did you not earlier disclose the mystery, what a vast sum of misery, would it have saved,—will Richard yield his claims,—are you ignorant of my connexions with your brother Salisbury ;—I  
cannot

cannot Cicely, support his pretension,—yet will I do all in my power, for your son;—the deed I doubt not exists, which constituted him heir to the riches of the Cardinal;—Suffolk, and Margaret, who hope to divide the spoil, shall not oppose my intentions;—every connexion shall unite to protect him, it shall be a common cause, to defend the descendant of Cicely.

\* \* \* \* \*

“ In warding my blows, continued the Duke, with his sword, d’Aranjeus wounded me as I had him before,—my attendants overpowered him, he was bound and conveyed into the castle;—I resolved to confine him for life. The Duke of Orleans informed me, in a visit he privately made at the castle, that he knew the Count d’Aranjeus was my prisoner; you know, said he, my interest at the court of Castile;—Don John too will most highly resent the de-

tention of his grandee; should you not release him, war will be the inevitable consequence

\* \* \* \* \*

“ Orleans and his friend both took an oath, never to visit England, or come within twenty miles of Rouen; on these conditions I agreed to release d’Aranjeus;—allowing them to behold you, ere they left the castle, as they feared you had fallen a victim to my rage;—insensible, oft you called upon my name, you conjured me to save your son, the Count d’Aranjeus; I regarded not those ravings, and complied with the request, conscious you would not know them; unknown to all but my faithful James, we entered the castle, and visited the apartment where you were.”

“ Your hair was dishevelled, your dress strangely romantic; on your head was a coronet of flowers, a shepherd’s crook fancifully

fully decorated lay by you. Who, said you rising, come you to seek in this sequestered vale; Monsieur Bidet and my son are gone to yonder mountains; they chose there the wild goat,—I am left to guard the sheep,—you stopped,—nay, if you know me, tell not my father I am in Piedmont;—yet he will forgive me,—yes, he was ever kind and indulgent;—you then lost that idea, and screaming aloud, clasped the Duke of Orleans in your arms;—I will be your shield, you wildly cried, fear not my son.—York, this is Beauchamp, Sir William Fitzhugh, the friend of the Earl of Westmorland was his grandfather; then letting go the Duke, you again stopped,—then in a tone full of terror cried;—bloody, bloody York, —fatal curse of d'Aranjeus;—look, that is the last victim;—and you ran shrieking into an adjoining apartment

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*



Deeply lamenting they quitted me ; and I left the castle, convinced of your insanity, convinced that appearances were strangely against you.

\* \* \* \* \*

“ Yes, had I been guilty as you supposed me, I had cause to thank your mercy.”—

“ Let us, said my husband, mutually forgive each other,” embracing me with kindness.

“ Allow me, my Lord, to appear again as your wife, allow me again, to embrace my children :—let me not desert them, as I did the Count d’Aranjeus.”

“ Yes, my more than ever esteemed wife, to-morrow you shall accompany me to Fotheringay, from whence I will send a trusty messenger to the court ; mean while, till your  
son

son arrives in England, the affair shall be kept secret; when he comes, I doubt not of his being soon in full possession of the Cardinal's riches, and I fear not of titles, equal to those he may then peaceably relinquish

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* forming, watching over my lovely offspring and plans, against the arrival of the Count d'Aranjeus, I spent my days at Fotheringay; happy in being reinstated in the esteem of my husband, and blessed at times, with the society of my sisters;—I enjoyed a degree of happiness, I had not often experienced.

The Duke of York, had been thanked for his conduct in France, and the regency continued to him for five years.

Beaufort and Gloucester dead, the queen and the Duke of Suffolk ruled every thing: ambitious woman! You began the fatal quarrel, between the houses of York and Lancaster, by bestowing on my cousin Edmund Duke of Somerset, the regency of which York was deprived; he behaved on the occasion with prudence, with moderation, training in secret his son Edward, to grasp at that crown, which he afterwards wore—

\* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \*

Sick with expectation, I had begun to despair, when at length news arrived that the Count d'Aranjeus, his Lady and child, had embarked at Seville for England;—that the ship had been taken by the Moors, and ere it reached its port all perished—

\* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \*

Ah!

Ah ! my son, again was I doomed, not to behold thee. The ways of providence, are they not inscrutable?—The vision said, *the inheritance of my child lay in Castile*; my nephew already created Earl of Warwick, in possession of the land and castles, even the deed by which my uncle Beaufort, gave his riches to my son; would not it prove a fresh cause of dissension?

\* \* \* \*

The Duke of Orleans wrote to me (inclosing it to my husband,) a long letter of consolation; I felt now for this amiable prince, a friendship ardent and sincere, such as he professed for me—

\* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \*

When the Duke my husband, returned from Ireland, the latent animosity between him and the Duke of Somerset, broke out with violence.

At Blackheath, York was deceived, and you know imprisoned;—Margaret afraid of him, and his powerful connexions, he was set at liberty;—we retired to Wigmore castle:—I felt for my husband a friendship sincere, and paid to him all that respect, his character merited, and which flowed from my heart;—I looked up to him as my protector, as the protector of d'Aranjeus, as the father of my children;—he never sought, he never obtained that romantic love, that overruling passion; I felt not for him, what I had before.—Ah! why did ambition, break in upon the comforts at Wigmore? when there you remember you was with me, and our days were chiefly spent in educating my children, whose dispositions were unfolding to my view, and I marked the gaiety, the levity of EDWARD;—the noble frankness,—the courage, yet mildness of EDMUND; oft used he to recall to me, my beloved d'Aranjeus.—Even in his infancy, was GEORGE fickle and unsteady; and the childish days of RICHARD were marked by cruelty, by  
deceit



deceit and cunning: unfeeling, he for ever was inventing mischief to his brothers.

The early days of MARGARET, promised the genius she afterwards displayed, her mind towered above her sex;—such once, Matilda, was JANE, my noble minded sister: over this child I anxiously watched,—her soul looked through her eyes, lighting a countenance of infinite beauty; later in life she reminds me, of the Countess my mother, with less of that hauteur,—ELIZABETH partook of——

\* \* \* \*

My husband accompanied by the Earl of Salisbury and Warwick, appeared in London with a numerous force. The Duke of York was appointed regent of the kingdom,

\* \* I was obliged to quit the peace, I had known at Wigmore, and hasten to London

\* \* \* \*

Henry

Henry recovering from his malady, resumed the reins of government; the Duke of Somerset was released; York fled to Wales;—at Ludlow I met my husband, at the head of a numerous army, with whom was my brother Salisbury, and his son Richard, the Duke of Norfolk also was there.—Ah too true was the prophecy, which said; *when thy descendant, Ralph of Raby, takes as his arms the bear and ragged staff; the lands of England shall be watered, by her children's blood.*

“Go, Cicely, said my Lord, to Wigmore, there guard our children; if I fall, alas! midst my wide extended possessions, they may not find a hovel to shelter their innocent heads; the usurping house of Lancaster, no doubt will protect *you*.—I thought the manner of York cold and sarcastic, he was irritated at the ill success of those negotiations which he entrusted me to conduct with the powerful chieftains of the north, Percy, Dacre, Westmorland.

“Think

“ Think you, I replied with fervor, York, I would sue to the haughty Margaret, for protection?”

“ No, my Lord, I will take refuge in Ireland, where your name shall protect them and me ;—send if you are worsted, a trusty page with a bloody rose ; it will suffice,—I will then quit Wigmore



You know my Matilda, the bloody day of St. Albans followed.—Ah ! thou beloved consort of my gentle sister Eleanor, how did I weep the untimely death thou mettest there, fighting against my husband :—alas ! my sister, I durst not condole with thee ;—yes, oft have I received that comfort from Lady Northumberland, I now was denied bestowing.

At

At St. Albans' bloody field, fell on the side of Lancaster, my cousin Edmund, Duke of Somerset, the rival of my husband.—

Thus began, Matilda, those quarrels, which plunged our unhappy country into war and bloodshed.—If York, if Lancaster prevailed, still I wept some loved relation lost, some dear friend's death.

When the news of Henry being wounded, and conducted by York to London reached me, it was brought by the chief 'squire of my Lord; who wore in triumph the white rose, which all who adhered to the Duke wore :—soon after, the red rose was assumed by the Lancastrians—fatal badges !—miserable distinctions !—oft have we, Matilda, seen father and son, wear those of different houses ;—I was ordered to remove with my children, to the castle of Fotheringay.

The Duke of York was declared protector of the realm ;—moderate, wise and prudent

dent was his conduct,—he was looked up to as the saviour of the land—



How unstable is greatness, how variable public favour?—impatient again to govern, as she had done, queen Margaret caused the weak king, to deprive my husband of his post;—Salisbury and Warwick equally disgusted, retired to their castle of Middleham and Barnard, as did the Duke of York to Sandale—



A summons arrived to the Duke, and Earls of Salisbury and Warwick, from Margaret, in the king's name, to attend him at Coventry, where the court was;—I accompanying, we set forward with a splendid train of attendants;



dants;—when we rested, at about forty miles from Coventry, for the night, I was told, a pilgrim prayed to see me in private. What was my amazement, when throwing aside the veil which concealed her face, I beheld my sister Eleanor?

“Come not, my beloved Cicely, she said, to Coventry—the life of your husband, our brother Salisbury, his son Warwick—all are in danger; in this disguise, I have at the hazard of my own safety, come to warn you; reveal not how you come by the knowledge,—myself, my family might be the sacrifice to Margaret’s resentment.”

“Ah! my sister, why has the ambition of York, of the Nevilles, endangered their safety;—alas! too dear have I paid for—

\* \* \* \*

What a night of misery I spent, no sooner did I think my sister would be safe from being

ing overtaken by York's party ; than rising  
I waked my Lord, I told him the pilgrim  
had disclosed to me the danger, exacting a  
promise so many hours should elapse, ere I  
disclosed what I knew

\* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \*

Salisbury went to Middleham, Warwick to  
his government of Calais, while I with my  
Lord hastily crossing the country, safely ar-  
rived at Wigmore, where my younger chil-  
dren were :—soon Matilda were you with me

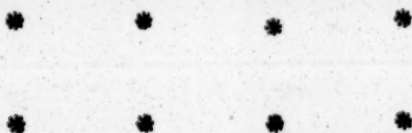
\* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \*

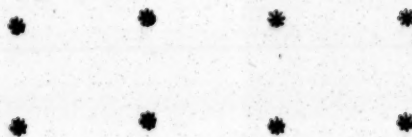
Sure I need not recall to you the pomp-  
ous procession to St. Paul's, or the feigned  
reconciliation,—you heard the perjuries,—  
you saw the Duke of York hand the  
haughty

haughty queen to the church, amidst the loud acclamations of the populace, the crowded streets were rent with shouts of joy.

Ah ! Matilda, remember the gay scene, amidst which the numerous retainers of the Earl of Warwick, were distinguished from those of all others, by their red coats, embroidered with the arms of the family—



You accompanied us into Yorkshire, as did the Earl of Salisbury, Warwick went to Calais—



It was not long after you returned to Lumley, that the fray happened, between  
the

the servants of the queen, and those of Warwick, in which he narrowly escaped with life. Afraid of his power, yet also afraid of his numerous retinue, Margaret took this secret method to dispatch him.

Without stopping to sleep, to even rest, Warwick entered Middleham castle, where I was with my Lord;—never, never shall I forget the countenance of Richard, he was almost suffocated with rage, at the base attempt thus treacherously made, and swore, solemnly swore, revenge on the queen:—in vain the Duke endeavoured to calm the overflowings of madness with which the Earl was seized—

\* \* \* \* \*

Ere the Duke and Earl parted, it was agreed, York should openly claim the crown, —he was accompanied by me to Wigmore; Warwick went to Calais, loudly though vainly

vainly demanding punishment, on those who had insulted him—



Salisbury roused the northern vassals, attached to the cause of York; Warwick returned from Calais, they met the Duke at Ludlow; then followed the battle of Blore-Heath; where though he had the victory, yet deserted by most of his followers, he was obliged to fly to Ireland, taking with him Edmund.—Edward Earl of March our eldest son, going to Calais with Warwick—



Ah! my Matilda, how kind was it of you then, when I was deserted by all, afraid of the haughty Margaret, you secluded yourself



yourself with me, in the solitary cottage, amidst the welsh mountains?—yet there Orleans discovered me, a letter sent by a trusty page, assured me of his wish to serve me.

---

“ A friendship pure as it is ardent, Cicely dictates my pen;—you are not safe where Margaret rules, the gates of Bidet shall be open to receive you, Lady St. Aubin longs to embrace you, again shall Orleans be the guardian of your children:—haste, fly, whilst yet in your power, a ship waits for you in the harbour of Milford.

ORLEANS.”

In our sequestered cottage, we heard Warwick and March were returned from Calais;—had entered London as it were in triumph, we also heard of the battle at Northampton, between their army and that of Henry;—had

—had York been present, the bloody deeds of that day, would not have sullied the name of Warwick, no quarter being given to the nobility or gentry: here had I to mourn with my sister Ann, the death of the Duke of Buckingham her husband, who fell fighting for Lancaster.

Ah! Matilda, could I fail to weep over the bloody laurels of my child?—The miserable king, was brought a prisoner to London, whilst Margaret and the prince her son, fled to the court of Scotland, whose king was descended from the house of Lancaster.

The courier of York arrived at my retreat.—“The *white rose*, said my husband, writing to me, is triumphant—leave instantly your retreat at Ludlow, an escort shall attend you to London, befitting the confort of the eldest branch of Plantagenet.”——

With regret I quitted my peaceful cottage,  
too

too sure I augured a quick reverse of fortune.

I found the Duke exercising the prerogatives of royalty, although he bore the humbler title of protector; Henry still retaining that of king, which at his death was to devolve to York and his heirs.

Margaret returned to England, accompanied by the young Duke of Somerset; and an army, composed of the borderers of both nations, who inured to rapine and murder, followed her: allured by the promised plunder, they passed over the land like a destroying blast.

On the first rumour of this invasion, I hastened into the north, to prevail on my nephews, the Earls of Northumberland and Westmorland, to oppose their mad progress; but ere I reached Wakefield, I learnt they had joined them, at the head of all the force they could raise; I retired to Sandall castle.

The Duke of York and Earl of Salisbury reached Wakefield, with a force far inferior to the queen's, whose ragged crew they scared; they hoped to have prevented her being joined by the two northern chiefs.—Edward and Warwick were left to guard the king.

As the troop of Margaret approached, the Duke retreated to Sandall, with him was my son Edmund Earl of Rutland

\* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \*

“Your son has somewhat of importance, Cicely to communicate to you, I will visit you soon again, at present I have affairs of much importance to transact.”

“Ah! why my mother, said Edmund, have you so long delayed to tell me I had another brother,—and such a brother;—ah  
had

had I known of his captivity, I would long ere now have either released him, or have died in the attempt."

"What do you rave of Rutland? alas! I had, it is true, once a son, whom you knew not."

"Still, still my mother he lives, yes the Count d'Aranjeus lives; he waits to embrace you without



Scarce could I believe it was possible,—that it was indeed my son, the Count d'Aranjeus, whom I saw thus miraculously preserved.—The bloom of youth was fled, the countenance of my son, declared he had sustained much since we parted last.

I wept with him the fate of his beloved

H 2

Leanora



Leanora and her infant son, who perished on the rocks of Barbary, whilst he escaped but to feel all the horrors of slavery; even there, Matilda, did the indefatigable friendship of the Duke of Orleans find him;—he it was who procured his ransom, and conveyed him to France; where impatient to profit by the assurances of friendship, he had in Spain received from York;—he hastened to London, threw himself at the feet of my Lord, who, assuring him of protection, introduced him to the Earl of Rutland, they were mutually pleased with each other, and he accompanied them to the north.



Salisbury was acquainted with the stay of my son, who promising not to attempt recovering the estates of Warwick, offered to him his daughter with a large portion; whilst the Duke of York assured him, if he returned triumphant to London; a title added to that of Agincourt, given by Henry  
the

the fifth to Lord Beauchamp, should be his ; together with all the lands of the Cardinal Beaufort. Ah ! Matilda, what pleasing hopes filled my bosom



Quickly vanished all the fond schemes I had formed, Margaret with her crew, closely besieged the castle we were in.—York, Salisbury, d'Aranjeus, all felt impatient at the state of inaction,—a sally was resolved upon.

“ 'Tis true Cicely, said my husband, our forces are trifling, compared to those of our enemies, yet I trust in heaven ; if indeed the *white rose* flees before the *red*, it may in its turn triumph ; March is gone to Wales, where his influence is great.—Should I fall, I have left you in the charge of Rutland, that amiable youth will pay you every attention, a widowed parent has a right to hope for from such a son.”

“Salisbury has solemnly sworn to protect the Count d’Aranjeus, and to enforce on the heir of my fortunes, what it may not be in my power to fulfil.”

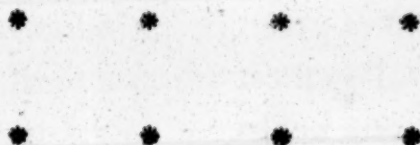
“Ah! my Lord, I weeping cried, sure the wretched Cicely is not doomed to survive, all she holds dear, all she esteems.”

“Weep not, my beloved wife, exert all your fortitude, ere the sun sets it may be cruelly exercised, all depends on this day; should Margaret triumph, alas! I fear for you it is impossible to escape;—I need not say, be all a mother can to our children, descendants of royalty, perhaps heirs of misery; tell them, I fought, I bled to procure for them, what was by right theirs:—had I plunged without reluctance into crimes, even now had I been seated on the throne;—black and bloody would my name have been handed down to posterity.”

“Hear me, my dear Lord, I cried, should  
this

this sad presentiment of evil be fulfilled;—grant me afresh your forgiveness, to me have you ever been merciful, ever when my actions wore the appearance of guilt, for this was I ever grateful.”

“ Can I cease, said he, to regret the woes you sustained;—ah! why did I not sooner know the gallant Count d’Aranjeus was your son?”



Ah! Matilda, as I retraced this miserable day, what scenes of horror rise to my mind, York wrung my hand at parting, with a kind of agony—I gave Rutland to the care of d’Aranjeus, how gracefully did he receive the precious charge, what ardour glowed on their countenances!!

I went to a window of the castle, I saw

H 4

the

the brave troop march,—then threw myself, almost distracted on the floor of the apartment:—I tried to exert that fortitude, my husband had said would soon be so sadly exercised;—alas! in vain were my endeavours, every act of kindness I had experienced, rose with double force:—since the fatal mystery was cleared, in regard to my son; the Duke had shewn me all the respect, all the esteem, he felt for my character and misfortunes, I reposed with confidence on his protecting kindness, and though I was totally excluded, from all his schemes of ambition, he freely unboomed himself to me on all other subjects, a sure test of that regard he had for me; that he thought me worthy to be called the mother of kings and princes, for so he fondly hoped were his children to be—



Too soon I learnt the *white rose* fled before the bloody sign of Lancaster,—my heart  
shrunk



shrunk within me, thy forebodings were prophetic my dear Lord, I cried, alas! we shall never again meet. The sad tidings reached me, the *red rose* was triumphant, the Duke of York was slain, in vain I inquired for my sons.—

“ Yes, York, thy wife shall prove she is not unworthy of sharing thy name, she will not sink under her misery, she will not bend to swell the haughty queen’s triumph :—for ever will I lament thy loss, but I will bear it outwardly with fortitude ; I will wipe away those tears, which Margaret would insult—

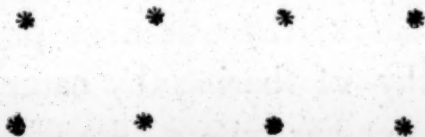


Entering the castle, “ bring, cried the haughty daughter of the Count of Anjou, bring hither the wife of York. I heard the mandate, and entered the presence of the Queen, with all the dignity I could assume.

H 5

“ To

“ To what purpose Margaret, I cried, do you wish to see me ; if to insult over my loss, over the woes your fell arts have caused, remember a day of retribution is at hand ; when you may want the consolation you deny *me*



Not satisfied with those insults, the queen irritated beyond all bounds with my manner, ordered me to be put along with the other prisoners.

“ Stand off, I cried, will Ralph of Raby, —will Harry Percy suffer this ?”

The Earl of Westmorland entered, as I pronounced his name, and casting a look of reproachful anger on Margaret, led me into another apartment :—with gentleness he informed me of the truth of my husband's death

death, and that my brother Salisbury was a prisoner, Rutland, he said, had been thrice preserved during the battle, by a knight of wonderful valour, but that when he saw the Duke in danger, he left the youth, of whom he took such charge, and fled to his defence ; but overpowered by numbers he fell by the Duke's side, both lay on the fatal plain of Wakefield :—could I fail to recognise in the bold defender of my husband, my son, the noble d'Aranjeus ; yet I supported myself, till I asked what became of the blooming Rutland ; “ lays he, said I, Westmorland, a cold corpse by his father's side ? ”—Yes, Matilda, I could have borne that, but when my nephew said, he was murdered after the battle was over, in cold blood, by the savage Clifford, I fell lifeless at his feet

\* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \*

“ Think again, how impossible is the request you make, said Westmorland, the field of battle is spread with the plunders of the dead, would you my dear aunt, venture amidst those wretches, think what scenes of horror you must encounter!—ask not the bodies of York or Rutland, that of the stranger knight, I will procure to be interred, I know where he fell, the gold chain you speak of will ascertain the body



In vain did I ask the Earl, to allow me but to view the lifeless bodies of my husband, and the young Rutland.—

“ Behold, said he, the chain and locket taken from the stranger knight, his body shall rest in consecrated earth.”

Kindly would my nephew have concealed from me, what he could not long;—a loud cry saluted my ears, I went to the window.

The

The bloody Queen, refining upon cruelty, had caused the head of the Duke of York, crowned with paper, to be stuck upon a spear's point, and brought beneath my window ; the savages of the borders crying, long live king Richard !

Grief, rage, despair, and horror, seized my soul ;—all the fortitude my unhappy husband had urged, and I had so painfully exerted, fled.—The blood gushed with violence out of my mouth and nostrils



Again I awaked to a sense of my situation, to a sad consciousness of misery ; I was roused beyond myself. “ Cruel and inhuman, I exclaimed, as Margaret entered the apartment, you may sue as I might have done and be like as I would have been, refused ;  
—you,



—you may like me, see your husband, your child murdered



Compose your griefs, said Neville and Percy, it is on condition, you are delivered to our care, our vassals proceed with the Lancastrians,—you shall have a strong guard to Raby, where you may freely roam, for a certain number of miles, which will not restrain you, from visiting the Castle of Barnard—



I set out Matilda, attended by the vassals of Lord Westmorland, many of whom remembered me well; the boast of the north, that blaze of beauty had vanished. The *Rose of Raby* returned to it, Matilda, after an absence of so many years, a prisoner.

I chose

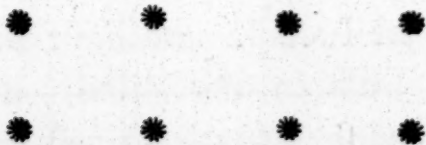
I chose that apartment I had occupied, ere Salisbury knew ambition, in happier times, when my father confined the fatal prophecy to his bosom, and I dreamed not of crowns, or that from me should descend kings and princes.—Ah! it was that which raised the ambitious soul of Richard; which made my mother forbid the peaceful retreat I would have chosen, after the death of my adored Beauchamp;—this it was which gave me to York; this, and this alone, involved every hour after I knew it, in misfortune.

I was separated from my children, and wandered over the park of Raby, the ghost of my former self \* \* \* sure Matilda, my heart was grown callous by age and misery, or I could not have borne my sorrows, so fresh in my mind, in a place which recalled so many long past events.

Every virtue of York bloomed in my memory, connected as I was with chiefs attached to, or descended from the house of  
Lancaster,

Lancaster, sure his reserve to me was prudent; the prophecy awaked his ambition, the times in which he lived stimulated it.

I had fastened round my neck, the chain and locket of Donna Theresa, whose ill fated offspring was extinct in my noble child, the last of his race; what an eventful life was his, just at the time he was received as a son by the Duke of York, acknowledged by my brother Salisbury, embraced as a brother by my amiable Edmund, and whilst I was fondly looking forward to days of comfort, did he fall defending, ah how ineffectually, my Lord, on the bloody plain of Wakefield



Margaret had insisted upon my guards being of her appointing, my own woman was alone suffered to remain with me; no news  
of

of my friends reached me at Raby.—Spring advanced, and in spite of all I sustained, the lovely season threw a calm over my soul, and in my rambles I took a melancholy pleasure in retracing scenes long past;—here it was, would I say to Bridget, did my sister Eleanor and I first behold Percy, an outcast from friends and fortune; by the house of Lancaster they had been seized, they also restored them, alas, fighting for them, at length his life was forfeit.

Then I would wander to the scarce visible remains of the Saxon castle, the retreat of the ruffians of Lady Douglas. Where once stood the cell of Lord Beauchamp, now it bloomed an orchard; there would I stand and reflect on the hours I spent when watching the declining age of my father.—

My footsteps oft involuntarily strayed to the spot, once crimson'd with the blood of Orleans:—ah! how rash, how headstrong was his youth, how magnanimous his riper age;

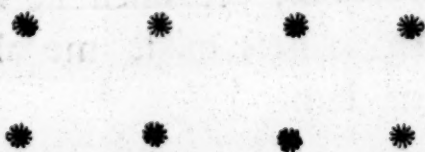
age;—still the lilies I had set in those days of youthful passion flourished; they had overspread a large plot of ground, the rose had withered like her, in whose memory Orleans had planted it.—Oh fatal was the badge to all I loved——



Mean while my son Edward had been enthroned at Westminster, although I knew not of it till the news reached Raby, of the bloody defeat of the Lancastrians at Santon. —Ah! the carnage of that dreadful day, then indeed were *the rivers of England red with blood*. Edward and Warwick enraged, stung with fury, at the barbarous treatment of the dead body of their father and friend, of the murder of (the brother of Edward) the young Rutland, and of the Earl of Salisbury;—no quarter was given. Why need I say to you, how nearly related to me were most of the nobles who fell on that fatal day, when the parent lifted his arm against the life of his child,



child, and when the father pleaded in vain to his children for mercy.—Clifford, the inhuman Clifford, here met his fate, who murdered my beloved Edmund.—Ah ! here it was he fell fighting for the *Red Rose*, Percy Earl of Northumberland, the son of my sister Eleanor ; there fell also the Earl of Westmorland, and his brother my nephews ; —Lord Dacre too, here lost his life,—and my poor sister Phillippa lived not to mourn the fatal day.—Again I wept the bloody laurels of my son,—when the news reached Raby, all fled,—I was left almost alone.—What a reverse of fortune did I experience, a train, splendid as became the mother of a king, attended me from Raby to Fotheringay, where my daughters waited my arrival



Recollect you not, Matilda, the sickness  
which

which overcame me, as Edward rode through the streets of London in triumph, when as the air was rent with acclamations, my vision in the fatal ruin pressed on my mind ;—ah was it not fulfilled !!!

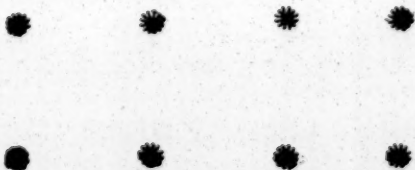


Honours were heaped by Edward on his friends, my sons were created Dukes of Clarence and of Gloucester. My brother Falconbridge, Earl of Kent, Sir John Neville, the son of the late Earl of Salisbury, Lord Montague. Edward appointed Fotheringay for my residence, too near the court, for ever was I learning he was engaged in some fresh amour, yet when he visited me, his winning address made me almost forget to chide him.

The arrival of queen Margaret in Northumberland gave a check to his gaiety ;—  
Margaret

Margaret was supported by the Percys, and at Hedgley-moor, another of Eleanor's sons lost his life.—Ah ! mistaken chieftains of the north, dearly shall ye rue your attachment to the house of Lancaster, said the vision to my father ; dearly indeed, Matilda ; —at Doncaster Sir Ralph Grey, the son of my sister Alicia was beheaded, and at Newcastle, Sir Humphrey Neville, my nephew also,—whilst at Hexham, suffered the same fate, the Duke of Somerset ;—I begged and obtained interment for him, near the remains of the once fair Agnes Douglas.

About this period, I heard of the king's marriage,—at Reading was Elizabeth led to the abbey, where she was declared Queen : —at those ill star'd nuptials, I refused to assist—



Again

Again Matilda had I to weep surviving my friends.

The generous soul of Orleans could not brook, the unmerited insults put upon him by the insidious Louis the Eleventh, who filled the throne of France ;—the noble heart of the Duke could not stoop to indignity from his kinsman; he died, leaving one son, heir to his Dukedom, who was yet a child. 'Ere his death the Duke wrote to me.—

“ Cherish, said he, Cicely, my memory, but should the remembrance of what I once was, rise to it ; pity me for being left so young my own governor, I ask not your pity, that heaven endued me with passions, with a sense of your perfections, but pity me Cicely, that though I was endued with reason to govern them, that I suffered those turbulent passions to drive me almost to madness. Years of respectful attention, since then, have elapsed, years of which you formed my first care,—when though far divided,  
I would

I would have sacrificed every thing to serve you:—have those later years effaced the former?—yes; Cicely would not now refuse the fatal scarf of Bidet should wrap the lifeless form of the once madly enamoured

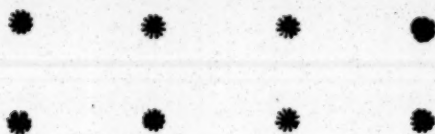
ORLEANS.

---

What a country was England, a gay king, a luxurious court;—the queen solicited, and Edward granted; honours and favours were heaped on the Woodvilles and Greys, the Nevilles resented her partial conduct, which raised thus a new nobility, whilst most of those, whose ancient families claimed respect, were sunk in poverty; even Holland, Duke  
of



of Exeter himself descended from royal blood, and married to my daughter Elizabeth, lived upon charity. I would have privately supported him, but he refused my repeated entreaties :—ah ! Madam would he say, shall I involve you in the ruin of the house of Lancaster, from which you are also descended \* \* \* vainly I chided the gay Elizabeth, who preferred the splendor of her brother's court, to following her husband into exile, and trying to alleviate his woes



Severely I felt the pain of parting with my daughter Margaret, on her marriage, with the heir of the Duke of Burgundy



From you Matilda, who then was at  
Calais

Calais with Lady Warwick, did I first hear of the match between Clarence and Isabella; Warwick gave his daughter to my son, in hopes of bending him to aid his ambitious views; for disgusted with the pride of Elizabeth, and her newly raised relations;—my nephews, the Earl of Warwick and the Marquis of Montague, resolved to pull down their power, or perish in the attempt.—Too soon had my giddy son, forgot the hands that lifted him to the throne; requests which Warwick had made were refused, which were easily granted to the brothers of the queen;—almost the only favour of consequence I ever obtained for any friend I loved, was the restoration of Harry Percy, to his titles and estates, which Edward granted to my prayers—



Ah what future evils did I foresee, when I learnt Clarence, Warwick, all were in secret or open rebellion:—the forces they had

raised gave battle to those of the king at Banbury, who overcame their foes; and my nephew Latimer, who fought on the side of Warwick was killed—



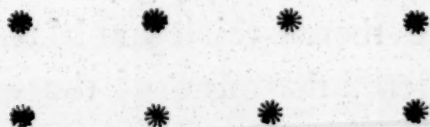
Clarence and Warwick, found refuge at the court of the crafty Lewis, the eleventh of France, there was also the enterprising Margaret, late queen of England, with her son, prince Edward; Warwick gave his other daughter to the prince, thus cementing an alliance with her, whose chief enemy he had been; whilst Clarence, weak and misguided, gave his consent to the dethroning his brother, to whose succession he looked forward with pleasure; whilst Warwick's ambition, expected gratification by ruling kings, the husbands of his daughters; well might he be styled the KING MAKER.

This alliance which threatened so formidably, which was so scandalous on the part  
of

of Clarence, reached the ears of Edward ; he visited me at Fotheringay,—I need not recall it to your mind,—it was then you know agreed, you should visit the Dutchess of Clarence, even whom your exalted qualities had gained an ascendancy honourable for both—



“ Go then, said I to you, my beloved Matilda at parting, tell the Duke of Clarence, who never yet refused his mother a request however trifling, that if he regards the blessing of a parent, to desist from those rash engagements, let him not bring on his head my curses ; alas ! would he heap fresh misery on this already divided land



Deserted by the Marquis of Montague, Edward's affairs became desperate; he left crown and kingdom, and fled before the approach of his enemy, Margaret of Anjou; terrified, I took refuge with Elizabeth, who so late proudly overlooked all but her own friends at Westminster. My nephew Warwick visited me in the sanctuary, why should you, he cried, fear, you who are so nearly allied to the heads of the Lancastrians, and who art descended from that royal house,

“ Ah! Warwick, I replied, how little do those ties avail, when every tie which binds society is broke, have I not cause to dread Margaret.”

“ 'Tis, replied the proud Earl, at the peril of every thing she prizes; should she dare to touch you, whilst I am your protector; return to Fotheringay, Margaret shall not come there; think you Madam, I would have suffered the sister of the Earl of Salisbury, the favourite daughter of the great Earl



Earl of Westmorland my grandfather; to be carried a prisoner to Raby, as did Ralph Neville, submitting his honour to the daughter of René of Anjou: ah! why have the heedless Edward, and the proud Elizabeth, drove me to league myself with your enemies.—



The effect of your secret negociation, Matilda, with Clarence and his Dutches, was soon visible, for when Edward landed in England, he was joined by his brother's forces, and again seated on the throne; whilst his rival, the weak and unfortunate Henry the sixth, was confined to the tower of London.

Soon after the sun of Warwick was eclipsed:---ah! ambitious chieftains, at Barnet, both thou and Montague lost your lives,

fighting against him in whose cause you had spent so much blood and treasure. Generous and brave, the immense estates of the Earl of Warwick gave ample room for exercising his hospitality, which joined to his gallant, frank and affable demeanour, gained him the esteem of all ranks; his numerous retainers every where spread his fame, followed by crowds who were fed upon his bounty; the Earl for years, had been received with shouts and acclamations, wherever he moved.

Thus he became giddy with this power, how then could he suffer the pride of Elizabeth and her kinsman, whose influence eclipsed with Edward, whom he had raised to the throne; rather than bear it, he madly tore open the unhealed wounds of his native land.—

As I wept the fate of my nephews, I yet hoped their death might ensure peace. Too true was it Matilda, whilst Richard Neville bore

bore as his arms, the bear and ragged staff,  
*England knew not peace.*



After the defeat of queen Margaret at Tewkesbury, she was lodged in the tower, from whence death had released her husband.

Ah Richard of Gloucester, what can efface thy bloody deeds, the young, the gallant prince Edward, the grandson of the conqueror of France:—yes, the blood of Edward, cried aloud for vengeance to heaven, and it fell dreadfully, Matilda, at—



Seldom did I visit the court, except on days of high ceremony; England was at peace, its king and capital immersed in luxury.

At this period, my Matilda, you went to Lumley, with your health apparently in a state of declining; owing to the anxious share you had taken in all the troubles of Lady Warwick and myself;—heaven has spared your life, has restored you to the prayers of your friends. At parting, you asked what I could not refuse, the history of a long, long life, a life drawn out to that period, when the holy psalmist says, it is “nought but sorrow and trouble,” alas ! has mine known much besides.

Isabella, the Dutcheß of Clarence, died soon after you went into the north; my daughter Margaret, now the widow of the Duke of Burgundy, visited me privately in England, offering to procure, as wife to Clarence her brother, Mary, the rich and lovely heiress of the Dukedom of Burgundy, being the only child of the late Duke, by his first Dutcheß;—Clarence followed the Dutcheß dowager to Flanders, Mary was  
auspicious

auspicious to his suit, yet did the king of England, his brother, sway'd by the aspiring Elizabeth his wife, oppose the match, and propose Woodeville Earl of Rivers her brother:—Mary of Burgundy rejected the mean offer, with merited disdain, whilst the states, irritated by the offered insult, forbade her, to form any alliance with an English prince:—mortified, provoked at the unkindness of his brother, which was further shewn by the execution of Burdett, he defied the king, who sent him to the tower;—Clarence was tried.—Ah! in vain did I plead, Matilda, for my son, to his brother, who openly accused him. Again was the tower stained with the blood of the Plantagenets

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

Rash and unsteady, in his projects, the unguarded temper of Clarence laid him open, to the designs of pretended friends;—warm



in those attachments which he wanted prudence properly to form ;—he fell lamented by those, whom his kindness protected,—mourned most deeply by his immediate dependants ;—ill was he suited, to cope with the dark designing Gloucester, who working upon the pride of Edward, wrought the fall of the unsuspecting Clarence.

Edward visited me, after the death of his brother :—“ tell him, I said, the mother of the Duke of Clarence, cannot behold the murderer of her son, without cursing him. ”

I refused to appear at court, till I was sent for, to view the death-bed of the king.

“ Forgive me, said the dying penitent, my mother ; alas ! bred amidst scenes of blood and slaughter, I was early inured to cruelty ;—steeled to mercy by the barbarous deeds of each contending rose ;—when quietly seated on the throne, I forgot I must one day answer to the king of kings, for my

my deeds on earth;—I forgot I was to be the protector of the land I governed, all I vainly thought, was created for my use;—ah! my mother, pray for me,—alas on the head of my helpless children, the blood of my brother so wantonly shed, may be deeply avenged;—a long list of bloody names, rises to my mind, and cries to heaven for vengeance;—ah shall the sins of the parent, be visited on the children!!!

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

Scarce ever did my soul feel a pang so bitter as when visited by Richard of Gloucester, whilst yet my eyes were red with weeping the early death of Edward, who had even felt and acknowledged an affection for me, and treated me with respect, though ever refusing those requests, I oft urged ineffectually on the side of mercy, it

was done with a degree of tenderness,—Richard never felt, never pretended to feel;—ah! why in its wrath, did heaven make me a mother, bringing into the world a child, who so wantonly traduced my fame.

“Acknowledge, said the wicked wretch to me, you were false to my father’s bed, repair, if in your power, your faults, by owning Edward and Clarence were equally the offspring of your adulterous shame;—do this and I will settle on you added estates to those you enjoy; nay more, I will secure to the children of Edward, the honours and estates of York; of right mine.”

I was petrified, struck with astonishment at this unaccountable proposition, putting my fingers in my ears, I cried, hush thou viper, —accursed was the hour I gave thee birth, thou sure wert sent as a curse to me,—a curse wast thou given to this miserable country,—a curse, an overpowering one, wilt thou prove to the house of York:—I will  
not

not bear they odious flanders, what do they mean, mad wretch, dost thou think they will be believed?"

"Nay, he cried, you shall hear me, behold Madam this, know you it not this, pulling from his bosom the rich, the fatal gift of the generous Duke of Orleans;—I started as I saw it, supposing it lost when I was taken prisoner at Sandall Castle, by Margaret of Anjou:—opening the secret spring, the ruby heart was disclosed; " what would you, said I, Richard, infer from this?"

"Only, he replied, Madam, bowing sarcastically, I presume this was a present from some of your lovers, when you were in England, the Duke my father in France; gifts such as this, are not given by mean men, a princess's virtue might it is true yield to it; Margaret seized it at Sandall with your wardrobe, and presented it to your niece, Anne Neville, upon her marriage with her son Edward; when I became the husband of  
Anne;

Anne ; this I also became possessed of, and carefully preserved as a testimony of your innocence."

Till then, Matilda, was delayed the accomplishment of the vision, which said, *the death of my son, should stain the fair fame of his mother.* Richard unfolded to my view the piece of embroidery worked at Bidet, with the arms of the Nevilles, and which I knew was once in possession of the Count d'Aranjeus, fatally had my unhappy son preserved it amidst shipwreck and slavery.

" You, said Gloucester, may perhaps also ask, what I would infer from this, which after the battle of Wakefield, was found in the possession of the person, whom you interested yourself for, that was slain on that day ; a page of the Duke of York's gave it me, as being your arms and work, witness the name half finished in the corner ;—this I guess had been given to this favourite, perhaps of Wigmore, he is mentioned here,  
(point-



(pointing to a bundle of papers,) you know this writing,—Madam ?”

“ Yes, yes, Richard, it is that of my husband, the Duke of York ; who scorned the crooked paths thou treadest in,—degenerate wretch, the scourge of thy race ; thou who hast yet to bring the grey hairs of thy mother with sorrow to the grave ;—those were letters, Matilda, of the Duke of York’s written to the confidential servant, who was my constant attendant, who dying suddenly at the castle of Barnard, had deposited, as in a place of security, those papers in a spot, where they had lain unseen, till Richard, by his marriage with the fair heiress of Warwick, became possessed of this castle ;—those letters contained all the jealous suspicions of the Duke, though the name of Orleans, and every other was erased, yet sufficient evidence was left, that my Lord had grounds for his jealousy ; as the meeting with Orleans at Fotheringay,—my fainting at Pontoise, the appearance of d’Aranjeus at Wigmore, the  
fatal

fatal meeting in the neighbourhood of Rouen, all was mentioned, nor was my insanity when confined in Barnard Castle forgotten.

“ Too true, said I, Richard, as I calmly returned to him the letters, the Duke had reason from the circumstances here mentioned, to suspect the fidelity of his wife, who never swerved from the duty she owed him; yet for the sake of his children, did he conceal those suspicions, except this one person, none ever knew them; long ere his death, did my Lord acknowledge my innocence, making all the reparation in his power;—nor has the arrows of scandal ever dared to point at my fair fame, till now, when they are sharpened by an ungrateful child:—go then vile monster, stain, asperse the character of her who gave you being, your tales will revert, with double fury on your own head;—my life is the best evidence; nor have I, by attaching myself to party, or fomenting the troubles of this wretched land, created myself enemies

I re-

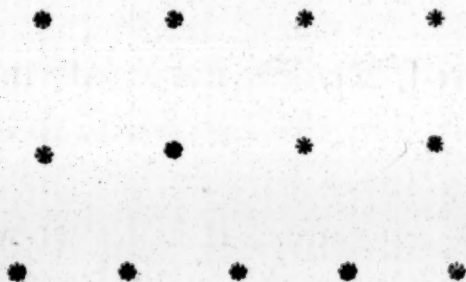
\* \* \* \*

I resolved, Matilda, not to inform Richard it was my son, the Duke had so long imagined was my lover, as then no evidence existed of any nature, that I ever was either married, or had a child, ere I was united to his father.—I trusted in God, in my innocence, in the unfulfilled purity of my name; nor was I deceived, for when Richard, cruel and unnatural, founded at St. Paul's cross by Dr. Shaw, the minds of the people regarding me, he was received with hisses.

Shortly after he was going by water to Lambeth, to consult he said the Archbishop on affairs of importance, when stepping out of a boat, his foot slipped and a bundle of papers he held, dropped into the Thames.

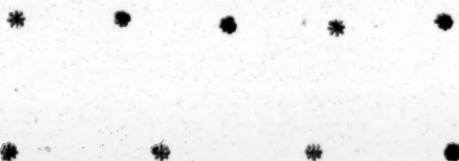
Thus

Thus did Providence interfere as it were visibly, for a piece of embroidered silk wrapped round, assured me, when I heard of it, they were the letters of the Duke—

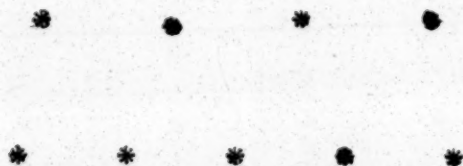


Ah ! Richard, what did royalty avail thee, short lived was thy power,—thy conscience thou vainly triedest to still, by the dream of grandeur, thou hadst waded through seas of blood to obtain ;—seated on a throne, with a breast corroded by care, thy aching heart cursed the thorns which lined that coronet, thou fanciedest filled with down, yet soon thou hadst no heir to inherit the station, thou hadst taken such pains to curse thyself to obtain ;—ah ! when Edward, his only

only child, expired at Middleham ; sure then the infant blood he had spilt, fate heavy on his perjured soul.—Ah ! sure, sure, Matilda, never mother was so unhappy in her offspring, as I have been——



Broken hearted by the loss of her hopeful child, and the unkind treatment of her husband, the gentle queen, Anne, ceased to suffer :—as I wept her wayward fate, each loved friend, whose death I had deplored, rose to my mind——



When the news reached me, of the defeat  
of



of king Richard at Bosworth, I did not mourn, I had lost a son, but I was humbled before the Ruler of the World, who had made me a mother, who gave Richard as a scourge for the crimes of the race of Plantagenets, of whom perhaps he was the last, destined to fill the throne of England;—alas! he overthrew every tie of kindred, every moral duty, to obtain the envied feat;—alas he scrupled not to brand me with every shameful name,—when I swore to Edward, to protect his children, I hoped to have been able to fulfil my oath.

It became a common cause, to save the innocent daughter of my son, I leagued with Elizabeth to deceive Richard——



I should

I should live, said the prophetic vision,  
till I saw *the white rose twined around the*  
*red*;—

That is accomplished Matilda,—

Elizabeth, the lovely heiress of the house  
of York, is united to Harry Tudor, the heir of  
Lancaster, who was the son of Margaret,  
the last heiress of the Dukes of Somerset,  
and niece to my mother; ah! did Richmond  
inherit her virtues; but close reserved, his  
heart feels not the merits, opens not to the  
gentle virtues of my beloved grand-daugh-  
ter.

My life draws to an end;—haste my  
dearest friend, a little longer you will  
not behold me;—come, Matilda, and  
close those eyes, from which you have  
so long been absent,—haste and see Elizabeth  
of

of York, seated on a throne, which shall descend to her posterity for ever:—still you will love her, as you used fondly to say, in face, person and temper, she so strongly resembled your

CICELY.

FINIS.

---

BOOKS PRINTED AT THE

*Minerva-Press,*

---

MYSTERIES ELUCIDATED.

Dedicated to

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS OF WALES;

And ornamented with an

Elegant Descriptive Frontispiece of the most Interesting Scene

*In 3 Vols. 12mo. Price 9s. sewed.*

---

ABBAY OF ST. ASAPH,

With an Engraved Frontispiece of Eleanor and Jennet,

*In 3 Vols. 12mo. Price 9s. sewed.*



---

---

## ADVERTISEMENT.

*Through unforeseen circumstances, this Work has laid dormant,—it was given into the hands of the Printer two years since,—He therefore hopes the Public will accept this apology for its delay.*

---

---

